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## Selections.

### ADDRESS

### OF REV. H. W. BEECHER AT MANCHESTER.

A MEETING was held on Friday, Oct. 9, in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, according to announcement, "to welcome the Rev. H. W. Beecher, on his public appearance in this country." The hall was extremely crowded, and there was probably 6,000 persons present. It was supposed, from the paper war of placards for the lost fortnight, that the meeting might be disturbed by partisans of the Confederate States. Arrangements had, therefore, been made for the prompt suppression of disorder; and notices to that effect were posted about the room. The chair was taken at half-past six, by Mr. Francis Taylor. At the same time the entrance of Mr. Beecher, accompanied by Mr. Bazely, M.P., and some prominent members of the Union and Emancipation Society, was the signal for enthusiastic and repeated cheering. Padre Gavazzi was in one of the reserved seats below the platform. The first row was occupied by 40 of the students of the Lancashire Independent College.

Mr. Greening having read an address to Mr. Beecher on behalf of the Union and Emancipation Society,

The Rev. Mr. Beecher turned to the audience to speak, but for several minutes he was prevented by deafening cheers, followed by a few hisses, which only provoked a renewed outburst of applause.

Mr. Beecher then said—Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen: The address which you have kindly presented to me contains matters both personal and national (interruption). My friends, we will have a whole night session but we will be heard! (Loud cheers.) I have not come to England to be surprised that those men whose cause cannot bear the light are afraid of free speech (cheers). I have had practice of more than 25 years in the presence of mobs and riots, opposing those very men whose representatives now attempt to forestall free speech (hear). Little by little, I doubt not, I shall be permitted to speak to-night (hear). Little by little I have been permitted in my own country to speak, until at last the day has come there when nothing but the utterance of speech for freedom is popular (cheers). You have been pleased to speak of me as one connected with the great cause of progress in civil and religious liberty. I covet no higher honor than to have my name joined as one among the list of that great company of noble Englishmen from whom we derived our doctrines of liberty (cheers). For although I understand there is some opposition to what are called American ideas, what are these American ideas? The seed-corn we got in England (hear); and if, on a larger sphere, and under circumstances of unobstruction, we have reared mightier sheaves, every sheaf contains the grain that has made old England rich for a hundred years (great cheering). I am also not a little gratified that my first appearance to speak on secular topics in England is in this goodly town of Manchester, for I had rather have praise from men who understand the quality praised, than from those who speak at hazard and with little acquaintance with the subject (hear). And where else, more than in these great central portions of England, have the doctrines of human rights been battled for, and where else, have there been gained for them nobler victories than here? (Cheers.) It is not indiscriminate praise therefore; you know what you talk about. You have had practice in these doctrines yourselves, and to be praised by those who are illustrious is praise indeed (cheers). Allusion has been made by one of the gentlemen—a cautionary allusion, a kind of deference evidently paid to some supposed feeling—an allusion has been made to words or deeds of mine that might be supposed to be offensive to Englishmen (hear). I cannot say how that may be. I am sure that I have never thought, in the midst of this mighty struggle, which has taxed every power and energy in our land ("Oh," and cheers)—I have never stopped to measure and to think whether my words spoken for truth and fidelity to duty would be liked in this shape or in that shape, by one or another person (cheers). I have had one simple, honest purpose, which I have pursued ever since I have been in public life, and that was with all the strength that God has given me to maintain the cause of the poor and of the weak in my own country (cheers). And if, in the height and heat of conflict some words have been over sharp, and some positions have been taken heedlessly, are you the men to call me to account? (Hear.) What if some exquisite French dancing-master standing on the edge of a battle, where some Richard Cœur de Leon swung his axe, and criticized him, by saying that it "violated the propriety of the dancing-room in the midst of battle" (laughter). When dandies fight they think how they look, but when men fight they think about what they are doing (cheers). But I am not here either on trial or on defense (bear, hear). I am very willing to tell you what I think about England, or anybody, but I am not willing to tell you what I think about myself (cheers). Let me say one word, however, in the beginning, in regard to this meeting, and the peculiar gratification which I feel in it. I have found—and God is my judge, and bears witness to the truth of what I say—I can return to my countrymen, and bear witness to the cordial kindness of Englishmen toward America (cheers). There has been serious doubt. The same agencies which have been at work to misrepresent good men in our country to you, have been at work to misrepresent to us good men here; and when I say to my friends in America that I have attended such a meeting as this, received such an address, and beheld such enthusiasm, it will be a renewed pledge of amity (cheers). I have never ceased to feel that war between two such great nationalities as these would be one of the most unpardonable and atrocious offenses that the world ever beheld (cheers), and I have regarded everything, therefore, which needlessly led to this feeling, out of which war comes, as being in itself wicked (cheers). The same blood is in us (cheers). We are your children, or the children of your fathers and ancestors. You and we hold the same substantial doctrines (cheers, and cries of "Turn him out"). We have the same mission among the nations of the earth. Never were mother and daughter set forth to do so queenly a thing in the kingdom of God's glory as England and America (cheers). And if you ask why they are so sensitive, and why have we hewn England with our tongue as we have, I will tell you why. There is no man who can offend you so deeply as the one you love most (loud cheers). Men point to France and Napoleon, and say he has been joined step by step in all England has done, and why are the press of America silent against France, and why do they speak as they do against England? It is because we love England (cheers). I have lived through a whole period and revolution of feeling. I remember very well in my boyhood the then recent war of 1812, before the embers kindled in the Revolutionary War of Independence, an almost universal feeling against the Britishers, as they were called, and I have seen that feeling little by little dying out; and, what with common commercial interests, with reciprocal blessings in civility and in religion, with multiplied interchanges of friendly visits, there has come to be a feeling in America most cordial and admiring of England. For when we searched our principles, they all ran back to rights in English history; when we looked at those institutions of which we were most proud, we beheld that the foundations of them, and the very foundation stones were taken from your history; when we looked for those men that had illustrated our own tongue, orators, or eloquent ministers of the Gospel, they were English; we borrowed nothing from France, but here a fashion and there a guesture or a custom; but what we had to dignify humanity—that made life worth having—were all brought from Old England (cheers). And do you suppose that under such circumstances, with this growing love, with this growing pride, with this gladness to feel that we were being associated in the historic glory of England, because both you and we belong to a race—to the Anglo-Saxon race—do you suppose that it was with feelings of indifference that we beheld in our midst the heir-apparent to the British throne (cheers). There is not reigning on the globe a sovereign who commands our simple, unpretentious, and unaffected respect as your own beloved Queen in America (loud cheers). I have heard multitudes of men say that if there was nothing for the heir-apparent, and it was their great joy and their pleasure to pay respect to him that his mother might know that through him the compliment was meant for her (loud cheers). It was an unarranged and unexpected spontaneous and universal outbreak of popular enthusiasm; it began in the colonies of Canada, the fire rolled across the border, all through New England, all through New York and Ohio, down through Pennsylvania and the adjacent States; nor was the element quenched until it came to Richmond. I said, and many said—the past of enmity and prejudice is now rolled away down below the horizon of memory, a new era is come, and we have set our hand and voices this week as a sacred seal to our cordial affection and coöperation with England (cheers). Now (whether we interpreted it aright or not is not the question) when we thought England was seeking opportunity of going with the South against us of the North, it hurt us as no other nation's conduct could hurt us on the face of the globe; and if we spoke some words of intemperate heat, we spoke them in the mortification of disappointed affection (cheers). It has been supposed that I have aforetime urged or threatened war with England. Never (cheers, followed by a few groans, in reference to which the speaker remarked: "I have spoken on the prairies where buffaloes bellowed before." The observation provoked loud laughter). This I have said—and this I repeat, now and here—that the cause of constitutional government and of universal liberty as associated with it in our country was so dear, so sacred, that rather than betray it we would give the last child we had—that we would not relinquish this conflict though other States rose and entered into a league with the South—and that, if it were necessary, we could maintain this great doctrine of representative government in America against the armed world—against England and France (great cheering, followed by some disturbance, in reference to which the Chairman rose and cautioned an individual under the gallery whom he had observed persisting in interruption). Let me be permitted to say, then, that it seems to me the darker days, in so far as embroilment between this country and America is concerned, are past (cheers). The speech of Earl Russell (renewed cheering) will go far toward satisfying our people. Understand me: we shall not accept his views of the past, and the doctrines which he has propounded (cheers). But the statement of the present attitude of the government of Great Britain, and its intentions for the future, coupled with the detention of those armed ships of war—that will take away the sting from the minds of our people (hear, hear). And although we differ with you in respect to the great doctrine of belligerency, the time is past to discuss that, except as a question of history and civil war. We have drifted so far away from the period in which it was of any use to discuss that, and the circumstances of the war, and your circumstances have so far changed that now we can no longer stop to discuss whether it was or was not right for Great Britain to assume this position she had assumed. She has for years acted upon it and will not change it; and now all that we can ask is—Let there be a thorough neutrality (loud cheers). I believe there shall be one (resumed cheers). If you do not send us a man, we do not ask for a man. If you do not send us another pound of powder, we are able to make our own powder (laughter). If you do not send us another musket nor another cannon, we have cannon that will carry five miles already (laughter). We do not ask for material help. We shall be grateful for moral sympathy (cheers), but if you cannot give us moral sympathy we shall still endeavor to do without it. But all that we say is, let France keep away, let England keep hands off; if we cannot manage this rebellion by ourselves, then it shan't be managed at all (cheers). The question of war, under the circumstances in which war is now carried on in our country, is simply a question of time (cheers). The population is with the North. The wealth is with the North (cheers). The education is with the North (cheers). The right doctrines of civil government are with the North (cheers, and a Voice, "Where's the justice?") It will not be long before one thing more will be with the North—victory (loud and enthusiastic rounds of cheers). Men on this side are impatient at the long delay; but if we can bear it, can't you? (Laughter.) You are quite at ease—("Not yet"); we are not. You are not materially affected in any such degree as many parts of our own land are now (cheers). But if the day shall come in one year, in two years, in ten years hence, when the old stars and stripes shall float over every State of America (loud cheers, and some disturbance from one or two). Oh, let him (the chief disturber) have a chance [laughter]. We will take a turn about, I will say the sentences, and you shall make the responses [laughter]. I am a Congregationalist, but I can make a very good Episcopal minister too [loud laughter]. I was saying, when interrupted by that sound from the other side of the house, that if the day shall come, in one or five or ten years, in which the old honored and historic banner shall float again over every State of the South; if the day shall come when that which was the accursed cause of this dire and atrocious war—slavery—shall be done away [cheers]—if the day shall have come when through all the Gulf States there shall be liberty of speech, as there never has been [cheers]—if the day shall come when there shall be liberty of the Press, as there never has been; if the day shall come when men shall have common schools to send their children to, which they never have had in the South; if the day shall come when the land shall not be parceled in gigantic plantations, in the hands of a few rich oligarchs [loud cheers], but shall be parceled out to honest farmers, every man owning his little [renewed cheers]; in short, if the day shall come when the simple ordinances, the fruition and privileges of civil liberty, shall prevail in every part of the United States, it will be worth all the dreadful blood, and tears and woe [loud cheers]. You are impatient; and yet God dwelleth in eternity, and has an infinite leisure to roll forward the affairs of men, not to suit the hot impatience of those who are but children of a day, and cannot wait or linger for long, but according to the infinite circle on which he measures time and events. He expedites or retards as it pleases Him; and if He heard our cries or prayers, not thrice would the months revolve but peace would come. But the strong crying and prayers of millions have not brought peace, but only thickening war. We accept the Providence; the duty is plain [cheers and interruption]. I repeat the duty is plain [cheers]. So rooted is this English people in the faith of liberty, that it were an utterly hopeless task for any minion or sympathizer of the South to sway the popular sympathy of England if this English people believed that there was none other than a conflict between Liberty and Slavery. It is just that [loud cheers]. I am here to be sure, in some points to cite history, but for the most part I stand a witness to testify what I have seen of things, with which I have intimately mingled, which have been common to me since my boyhood—things which I do know, and which history will establish beyond all peradventure or controversy. But let me go back a little before my time, for I am not yet 100 years old [laughter]. Slavery was introduced into our country at a time, and in a manner, when England nor America knew well what were the results of that atrocious system. It was ignorantly received and propagated on our side; little by little it spread through all the thirteen States that then were, for slavery in the beginning was in New England, such as it now is in the Southern States. But when the great struggle of our revolution came on, the study of the doctrines of human rights had made such progress that the whole public mind began to think it was wrong to wage war to defend our rights while we were holding men in slavery, depriving them of theirs. It is an historical fact, that all the great and renowned men that flourished at the period of our Revolution were Abolitionists. Washington was; so was Benjamin Franklin; so was Thomas Jefferson; so was James Monroe; so were the principal Virginian and Southern statesmen, and the first abolition society ever founded in America was founded, not in the North, but in the middle and a portion of the Southern States [cheers]. After the Declaration of Independence and the adoption of our Constitution, slavery began to cease. It never had been a very abundant institution in New England, because the habits of the people and their conscientious convictions did not make them great friends of slavery. It has been said they sold their slaves, and preached a cheap emancipation to the South. Slavery ceased in this wise in Massachusetts. Suit was brought for the services of a slave, and the Chief Justice declared the declaration of the equality of all men and their right to life, and liberty, and the pursuit of happiness was equivalent to the bill of Emancipation and he refused to render back that slave's services. At a later period New York brought an Emancipation Act. It has been said that she sold her slaves. No slander was ever greater. The most careful provision was made. No man travelling out of the State of New York after the passing of the Emancipation act was permitted to have any slave with him, unless he gave bonds for his reappearance with him. As a matter of fact the slaves were emancipated without compensation on the spot, to take effect gradually class by class. But after a trial of half a score of years the people found this gradual emancipation was intolerable [hear, hear]. It is like gradual imputation. They therefore met together, and by another act of legislation they declared immediate emancipation [hear]—and that took effect; and so slavery perished in the State of New York [cheers]. Substantially so it was in New Jersey, and in Pennsylvania; substantially so it may be said, in respect to the Northern States, that there never was an example of nations that emancipated slaves so purely from moral conviction of the wrong of slavery. I know that it is said that Northern capital and Northern ships were employed in the slave trade. To an extent it was so. But is there any community that lives in which there are not miscreants who violate the public feeling? [Cheers]. Then and since, the man who dared to use his capital and his ships in this infamous traffic hid himself, and did by agents what he was ashamed to be known to have done himself [hear.] No man in the North who had part or lot in this infamous traffic in slaves, but would have been branded with the mark of Cain [cheers]. It is true that New York port has been employed in this infernal traffic, but it was because it was unfortunately under the influence either of that Democratic party that is in alliance with the Southern slavery [hear, hear]—or because it was under the dark political control of the South itself. For when the South could appoint our marshals, when the South appointed through the Administration the Secretaries of the Treasury, and the officers of the Custom Houses in all parts of the country, when everything by the political machinery of the South was favoring slavery, it could not but be that there should be the running of the gauntlet in our ports, and that the slave trade should be carried on; but it was by the immense majority of the people abhorred, and the men who did it were detested [cheers]. There was one Judas; is Christianity therefore a hoax? [Hear.] There are hissing men in this audience—are you not respectable? [Cheers and laughter.] The folly of the few is that light which God casts to irradiate the wisdom of the many [hear]. But when the Constitution itself was formed there was such a feeling opposed to slavery that you are familiar with the fact that Mr. Madison and Mr. Randolph refused to permit the word "servitude" to go into that document, and on this express ground, that the time would come when slavery was to end, and that they would not have the memorial of such a disgrace remaining in the great charter of our liberties [cheers]. So the word was changed from "servitude" to "service" [hear]. And let me say one word here about the Constitution of America. It recognizes slavery as a fact, but it does not recognize the doctrine of slavery in any way whatever; it was a fact; it lay before the ship of state as a rock lies in the channel of the ship as she goes into harbor; and because a ship steers round a rock does it follow that that rock is in the ship? [Hear, and laughter.] And because the Constitution of the United States made some circuits to steer round that great fact, does it follow that therefore slavery is recognized in the Constitution as a right or system [No]. See how carefully that immortal document worded itself. In the slave laws the slave is declared to be—what? expressly and by the most repetitious phraseology, he is denuded of all the attributes and characteristics of manhood, and is pronounced a "chattel" [shame]. Now, you have just that same word with the *h* left out—"cattle" [hear, hear]. And the difference between cattle and chattel is the difference between quadruped and biped [laughter]. So far as animate property is concerned, and so far as inanimate property is concerned, it is just the difference between locomotive property and stationary property [hear, hear]. Now, all the slave States stand on the radical principle that a slave is not for purposes of law any longer to be ranked in the category of human beings, but that he is a piece of property, and to be treated to all intents and purposes as a piece of property; and the law did not blush, nor do the judges blush now-a-days who interpret that law [hear]. But how is it that the Constitution of the United States, when it begins to speak of these very same slaves, names them? Does it call them "slaves"? Does it speak of them as in "servitude"? It lifts itself up as it consciously inspired with the grandeur of the thought and dignity of man, and says "Persons held to service" [hear and cheers]. Go to South Carolina, and ask what she calls slaves, and it says "things"; and the old Capitol at Washington sullenly reverberates, "No persons"! [Cheers.] Go to South Carolina, and her fundamental article says she looks upon slaves as "things"; and again the Constitution echoes, "No persons" [hear]. Go to the charter of Louisiana with their Constitution, or to the South-western slave States, and still that doctrine of devils is enunciated—it is "chattel" it is "thing." Looking upon those for whom Christ felt mortal anguish in Gethsemane, and stretched himself in death on Calvary, their laws call them still "things," and "chattels"; and still in suppressed tones of thunder the Constitution of the United States says "persons" [cheers]. What was it then, when the country had advanced so far toward universal emancipation in the period of our national formation that stopped this onward tide? Two things, commercial and political. First, the wonderful demand for cotton throughout the world, coupled with the facility of producing it, arising from the invention of the cotton gin—that introduced a new element of value. Slaves that before had been worth from $360 to $400, began to be worth $500. That knocked away one-third of our adherence to the moral law. Then afterward they became worth $700, and half the law went [cheers and laughter]—then $800 or $900, and then there was no such thing as moral law [cheers and laughter]; then $1,000 or $1,200, and slavery became one of the beatitudes on the mount [cheers and laughter]. When Moses wrote his laws, delivered by the Highest, he wrote them on tables of stone; but when the devil, through his minion, wrote his laws, he wrote them on silver [cheers and loud laughter]. Their pocket is their Mount Sinai [cheers and laughter]; they are the lineal descendants of those men who before worshipped the golden calf [cheers]. The other cause which prevented the progress of emancipation that had already so auspiciously begun was the political cause. The policy of America has been shaped by the essential spirit of slaveholding Southerners. All the aggression, the filibuster; all the threats to England and the tauntings of Europe, and all the belligerence our government has assumed, have been under the inspiration and under the almost monarchical sway of the Southern oligarchy [loud cheering]. And now, since Britain has been snubbed by the Southerners, and threatened by the Southerners, and domineered over by the Southerners ["No!"], yet now Great Britain has thrown her arms of love around the Southerners and turns from the Northerners ["No!"] She don't? [Cheers.] I have only to say that she has been caught in very suspicious circumstances [laughter]. But I have said it, perhaps as much as anything else, for this very sake—to bring out from you this expression—to let you know what we know, that all the hostility felt in my country toward Great Britain has been sudden, and I want you to say to me, and through me to my countrymen, that those irritations against the North, and those likings for the South, that have been expressed in your papers, are not the feelings of the great mass of your nation [great cheering, the audience rising]. Those cheers already sound in my ears as the coming acclamations of friendly nations—those waving handkerchiefs are the white banners that symbolize peace for all countries [cheers]. Join with us, then, Britons [cheers]. From you we learned the doctrine of what a man was worth; from you we learned to detest all oppressions; from you we learned that it was the noblest thing a man could do to die for a principle [cheers]. And now, when we are set in that very course, and are giving our best blood for principle, let the world understand that when America strikes for the liberty of the slave and of the common people, Great Britain indorses her [cheers]. And now I come to the period in which I myself became an actor [loud cheers]. From that time to this time there has been no important movement on the subject of public affairs, in the connection of slavery, that I have not either had a part in it or been a most interested and intimate observer of it, and I shall tell you, not what I believe, but what I know [hear, hear]. It was extremely difficult to get the voice of the public. Those that first attempted it were made well nigh martyrs. I remember full well when Burness Prest was mobbed in Cincinnati, and dragged into the Ohio, for no other reason than for anti-slavery sentiments. I remember the early martyrdoms, and for two years, with my pockets filled with pistols—to the horror, I suppose, of those peace-loving slavery men—I patrolled the streets, made a special constable for the defense of these poor creatures' houses. I suppose it was very naughty to meddle with fire-arms; but then I was not a minister; then I was only a student for the ministry, and I did not fire the pistols off once. Mr. Weld, Mr. Garrison, Allan Stewart—now gone—and a multitude of men whom I ought to have prepared myself to mention, that I might not, in mentioning the few, seem to neglect the many. These were the pioneers. You have been pleased to say in this address that I have been one of those pioneers. I unloosed the shoe-latchets of the pioneers, and that is all. I was but little more than a boy, and I bear witness that the hardest blows and the most cruel sufferings were endured by men before I was thrust far enough into public life to take any particular share, and I do not consider myself entitled to rank among the pioneers. They were better men than I. Those noble men did resist this downward tendency of the North. They were rejected by society. To be called an Abolitionist excluded a man from respectable society in those days. To be called an Abolitionist blighted any man's prospects in political life in those days. To be called an Abolitionist marked a man's store—his very customers avoided him as if he had the plague. To be called an Abolitionist in those days shut up the doors of confidence from him in the Church, and he was regarded as a disturber of the peace. Nevertheless, they maintained their testimony [loud cheers]. Little by little they gained the conscience—they gained the understanding. And as, when old Luther spoke, thundering in the ears of Europe the long-buried treasures of the Bible, there were hosts against him, and the elect few, nevertheless, gathered little by little themselves. Many Luthers thundered God's truth of human liberty, and they were followed more and more for half a score of years, until they began to be numerous enough to be an influential party in the State elections [cheers]. In 1848, I think it was, when that Buffalo platform was laid, it was the first endeavor in the Northern States to form a platform that should carry rebuke to the slaveholding ideas in the North. Before this, however, there was help given us from the South; and I can say that, under God, the South have done more to bring on this work of emancipation than the North itself [hear, hear]. First they began to declare, after the days of Mr. Calhoun, that they accepted slavery no more as a misfortune, but as a divine blessing. Mr. Calhoun advanced the doctrine which is now the marrow of secession, that it was the duty of government, not merely to protect States from interference, but that it was the duty of the General government to make slavery equal with liberty [cheers]. These monstrous doctrines began to be the development of future ambitions. The South having the control of government, knew from the inherent weakness of their system that if it were confined it was as a huge flock of herds pasturing on small pastures, that soon gnaws the grass to the roots, and must have other pasture or it dies [cheers]. Slavery is of such a nature that if you do not give it continual change of feeding-ground it must die [renewed cheering]. And then came one after another the assertions of the South of rights never dreamed of. From them came the Mexican war for territory; from them came Texas and its entrance as a slave State; from them came that organized rowdyism in Congress that brow-beat every Northern man who had not sworn fealty to slavery; that filled all the courts of Europe with ministers holding slave doctrines; that gave the judges; and that gave, in fact, all our chief offices of trust to either slaveowners, or to men who licked the feet of slaveholding men [loud cheers]. Then came that ever-memorable period, when, for the very purpose of humbling the North, and making her drink the bitter cup of humiliation, and making them understand that the North was inferior and the South their natural lords, was passed the Fugitive Slave bill [loud hissing]. There was no need of that. There was already existing just as good an instrument for so infernal a purpose as any fiend could have wished. Against the infamy my soul revolted, and these lips protested, and I defied to its face the government, and told them, "I will have none of your unrighteous laws; send to me that fugitive who is fleeing from his master, and I will step between him and his pursuer" [loud and prolonged cheers]. Not once, nor twice, have my doors shut between oppression and the oppressed; and the Church itself, over which I minister, has been the unknown refuge of many and many a one [cheers]. But whom the devil promises he cheats [laughter]. That peace, that was the 30 pieces of silver paid for the Christ of man, turned into the fire and burnt the hands that took it. For how long was it after this promised peace that the Missouri Compromise was abolished in an infamous disregard of holy compacts [loud cheers]. It never ought to have been made; but, having been made, it ought never to have been broken by the South [cheers]. And with no other pretence than the robber's pretence that might makes right, they did destroy it, that they might carry slavery far North. That was what was needed to arouse the long-reluctant patriotism of the North [cheers]. By the abolition of this compromise, another slave State was immediately to have been brought into the Union to balance the ever-growing free Territories of the Northwest. Then it was that there arose a majesty that had no record thus far, and has had no parallel, and, instead of merely protesting, young men and maidens, laboring men, farmers and mechanics, all of them sped with a sacred desire to rescue free territory from the toils of slavery, and emigrated in hundreds and in thousands, that when this territory should come in to vote, it should vote as a free State [loud cheers]. A more infamous and atrocious system of cheating never was practised than by which the South sought, by perjury, by intimidation, by the prostituted use of the United States army, to force a vile system upon these unwilling men who had voted almost unanimously for liberty and against slavery in that State [hear]. But at last the day of utter darkness had passed, and the gray twilight was on the morning of the horizon. At last, for the first time, I believe, in the whole conflict between the South and the North, the victory went to the North, and Kansas became a free State [cheers]. Kansas became an impulse that was given to popular feeling, and in 1856 Mr. Fremont was nominated for the Presidency. He came so near to being elected that, but for an enormous cheating in the polls in Pennsylvania he would have been elected; but, instead of Mr. Fremont, Mr. Buchanan was returned [hisses]. We aimed at an eagle and hit a buzzard [laughter]. Now I call you to witness that, in a period of 25 or 30 years of constant conflicts with the South, at every single step they gained the advantage, with the single exception of Kansas. What was the conduct of the North? Did they threaten secession? [No.] Did they threaten violence? [No.] So sure were they of the ultimate triumph of that which was right, provided free speech was left to combat error and wrong, that they patiently bided their time. By this time the North was cured of its love of or indifference to slavery. By this time a new conscience had been formed in the North, and a vast majority of all the Northern men at this time stood fair and square on the doctrine of anti-slavery [cheers]. It went through all the quicksands of that infamous demonstration of four years, in which Senators, sworn by the Constitution, were plotting machinations to destroy the government, in which the members of the Cabinet who drew their pay month by month, used their time and their official position to steal arms, to prepare fortifications, to make ready, and in which the most astounding spectacle that the world ever saw was witnessed—our great people paying men to sit in the places of power and office to betray them [hear, hear]. During all those four years what did we? We protested and waited, and said: "God shall give us the victory, for it is God's truth that we wield and God's truth we promote, and with God, in his own good time, shall be the giving of the victory" [great cheering]. In all this time we never made an inroad on the rights of the South [cheers]. We never asked for retaliatory law. We never taxed their commerce, or touched it with our little finger. We envied them none of their manufactures; but sought to promote them. We did not attempt to abate, by one ounce, their material prosperity; we longed for their prosperity [cheers]. Slavery we always hated; the Southern men never [cheers]. They were wrong. And in our conflicts with them we have felt as all men in conflict feel. We were jealous, and so were they. We were in the right cause; they in wrong [cheers]. We never envied them their territory; and it was in the heart, and it was the faith of the whole North, that, in seeking for the abatement of slavery, and its final abolition, we were conferring upon the South the greatest boon which one nation, or part of a nation, could confer upon another. That she was to come down, and pass through the valley of humiliation during the progress of her institutions till she passed from forced labor to free labor I have no doubt; but it was not in our heart to humble her, but rather to help and sympathize with her. I defy time and history to point to a more honorable conduct than that of the free North toward the South during all these days. In 1860, Mr. Lincoln was elected [cheers]. I ask you to take notice of the conduct of the two sides at this point. For thirty years we had been experiencing sectional defeats at the hands of the Southerners. For thirty years and more we had seen our sons proscribed, because loyal to liberty, or worse than proscribed—suborned and made subservient to slavery [cheers]. We had seen our judges corrupt, our ministers apostate, our merchants running headlong after gold against principle; but we maintained our fealty to the law and Constitution, and had faith in victory by legitimate means. But when, by the means pointed out by the Constitution, and sanctioned by the usage of three-quarters of a century, Mr. Lincoln, in a fair, open field, was elected President of the United States, did the South submit? [Cries of "No," and cheers.] No offense had been committed—none threatened; but the arrogation was that the election of a man known to be pledged against the extension of slavery was not compatible with the safety of slavery in the South, and on that ground they took steps for secession. Every honest mode to prevent it, all patience on the part of the North, all pusillanimity on the part of Mr. Buchanan. While he still sat, before his successor came into office, he left nothing undone to make matters worse, did nothing to make things better. The North was patient then, the South impatient. Then came the steps. The question was put to the South, and with the exception of South Carolina, every State in the South gave a popular vote against secession; and yet, such was the jugglery of political leaders, before a few months had passed they had precipitated every State into secession. That could never have been where there were common people. The South has common herds of people, the North had herds of what Lord Brougham lamentably termed mobs. Lord Brougham, upon whose plentitude of days the light of God shone so gloriously, is bringing his failing days to scandalize the intelligent people of the North by calling them mobs [cheers and counter cheers]. I call you to take notice that the people of the South thought that the government of the States could not be administered by an honest man without prejudice to slavery. It could not. The government of the United States is such that, if it be administered equitably, still in the long run it would destroy slavery, and it was the prospect of this that led the South to make precipitate secession [cheers]. Now, against all these facts it is attempted to make England believe that slavery has had nothing to do with this war [laughter]. You might as well have attempted to persuade Noah that the clouds had nothing to do with the flood; perhaps some man will attempt to persuade you that the palm trees and orange trees will grow at the North Pole; perhaps some one will persuade you next that there is no sand in the great desert. It is the most monstrous absurdity ever born in the womb of folly [cheers]. Nothing to do with slavery! It had to do with nothing else [cheers]. Slavery was the mother of Rebellion [cheers]. The father of it was—O, no, we never mention him [much laughter]. Against this withering fact—against this damning allegation—what is their escape? The attempt is to say—the North is just as bad as the South [laughter]. Now we are coming to the marrow of it [cheers]. If the North is out before you did? If the North has been in favor of oppressing the black man, and just as much in favor of slavery as the South, how is it that the South has gone to war against the North because of their belief to the contrary? [A Voice—"Slavery does not pay in the North."] Gentlemen, I hold in my hand a published report of the speech of the amiable, intelligent, and credulous President, I believe, of the Society for Southern Independence [laughter]. I have some curiosities in it [laughter.] That you may know that Southerners are not all dead yet, I will read a paragraph:

"The South has labored hitherto under the imputation, and it had constantly been thrown in the teeth of all who supported that struggling nation, that they by their proceedings were tending to support the existence of slavery. This was an impression which he thought they ought carefully to endeavor to remove [cheers and laughter], because it was one which was injurious to their cause [cheers]—not only among those who had the feeling of all Englishmen—of a horror of slavery—but, also, because strong religious bodies in this country made a point of it, and felt it very strongly indeed" [cheers].

I never like to speak behind a man's back—I like to speak right to men's faces what I have to say—and I could wish higher felicity than that which has been accorded to me to-night might have been given—to have had Lord Wharncliffe present, that I might address to him a few simple and artless Christian inquiries [cheers]. For there can be no question that there is a strong impression that the South has had something to do with slavery [cheers]. Indeed, on our side of the water there are many persons that affirm it [laughter and cheers]. And, as his Lordship thinks that it is the peculiar duty of this now agglomerated and agglutinated association for Southern independence to do away with that impression, I beg to submit to them that, in the first place, they ought to do away with four million slaves in the South; for I, for my own part, cannot say but that I think there are uncharitable men enough living in this world to think that a nation that has four million slaves in it has a good deal to do with supporting slavery [cheers]. And when he has done that, it might perhaps be pertinent to suggest to his Lordship that there should be a little something done to the Montgomery Constitution of the South, which is changed from the old Federal Constitution in only one or two points, the most essential of which is that it introduces and legalizes slavery, and makes it unconstitutional ever to do it away; and they are under that Constitution. Now, I submit that that wants scrubbing a little [cheers]. Then I would also respectfully lay it at his lordship's feet—more beautifully embossed, if I could, than this address to me is—the speech of Vice-President Stephens [hear, hear]—in which he declares that all nations have been mistaken, and that the subjugation of an inferior race is the only proper way to maintain the liberty of a superior; in which he teaches Cavalry a new lesson—in which he gives the lie into the face of the Savior himself, who came to teach us that by as much as a man was stronger than another, he owed himself to that other [loud cheers]. Not alone are Christ's blood-drops our salvation, but these word-drops of sacred truth which cleanse the heart and conscience by the expression of precious truths and principles, themselves are our salvation as well as the atoning blood; and if there be in the truths of Christ one more eminent than another, it is "He that would be chief, let him be the servant of all." But this audacious hierarch of infidelity, Mr. Stephens, in the face of God, and before mankind, in this day of universal Christianity, declares that the way for a nation to have manhood is to crush out the liberty of an inferior and weaker race. And he declares ostentatiously and boastingly that the foundation of the Southern republic is on that cornerstone [loud cheers, "No, no," and renewed cheers]. I beg leave, when next Lord Wharncliffe speaks for the edification of this delighted English people [laughter]—I beg leave, to submit that this speech of Mr. Stephens requires a little scouring [applause]. And then, it all the other allegations and evidences that the South are upholding slavery are to be the peculiar work of the Southern Independence Association, not Hercules in his palmy days had such work and wages before him as they have got [loud cheers]. We shan't be troubled with them. They will be knee-deep and elbow-deep in their business of scrubbing and scouring, and Lord Wharncliffe may bid farewell to the sweets of domestic leisure and to the pursuits of the interests of state, and all its amusements hereafter will be scrubbing and scouring [loud cheers]. But there is another precious paragraph that I will read:

"He belived that the strongest supporters of slavery were the merchants of New York and Boston. He always understood, and had never seen the statement contradicted, that the whole of the ships fitted out for the transport of slaves from Africa to Cuba were owned by Northerners" [loud laughter].

His lordship, if he will do me the honor to read my speech, shall hear it contradicted in the most explicit terms. There have been enough Northern ships engaged, but not by any means all, nor the most. Baltimore has a preeminence in that matter; Charleston, and New-Orleans, and Mobile, all of them. And those ships fitted out in New York were just as much despised, and loathed, and hissed by the honorable merchants of that great metropolis, as if they had put up the black flag of piracy [loud cheers]. Does it conduce to good feeling between two nations to make such atrocious slanders as these? His lordship goes on to say:

"That in the Northern States the slave was placed in even a worse position than he was in the South. He spoke from experience, having visited the country twice."

I am most surprised, and yet gratified, to learn that Lord Wharncliffe speaks of the suffering of the slave from experience [laughter and cheers]. I never was aware that he had been put in that unhappy situation. Has he toiled on the sugar plantation? Has he taken the night for his friend, avoiding the day? Has he sped through cane brakes, hunted by hounds, suffering hunger, and heat, and cold by turns, until he has made his way to the far Northern States? [Cheers.] Has he had this experience? The grammar is good. It is the word experience I call attention to. If his lordship says that it is his observation, I will accept the correction. I continue:

"In railway carriages and hotels, the negroes were treated as pariahs and oucatats, and never looked upon as men and brothers, but rather as dogs" [cheers].

In all railway cars where Southerners travel, in all hotels where Southerners' money was the chief support, this is true. But allow me to say frankly that there has been some occasion for such a statement, and there has been a prejudice in the North against the negro. I speak this the more because it has been a part of my duty any time these last sixteen years to protest against it, and a well-dressed and well behaved colored man has never had molestation or question on entering my church, and taking any seat he pleases in the whole house, not because I had influence with my people to prevent it, but because God gave me a people whose own good sense and consciences led them to do it of their own accord. But from this vantage ground it has been my duty to mark out the unrighteous prejudice of which the colored people have suffered in the North, and it is a part of the great moral revolution which is going on, that the prejudices have been in a great measure vanquished, and are now well nigh trodden down. In the City of New York there is one street railroad where colored people cannot ride, but in the others they may, and in all the railroads of New England there is not one railroad in which a colored man would be questioned if he rides there. I believe that the colored men may start from the line of the British dominions from the North, and traverse all New-England and New York till he touches the waters of the Western Lakes and never be molested or questioned, passing on as any decent white man would pass. But let me ask you how came there to be these prejudices? They did not exist before the War of Independence. How did it grow up? It grew up as one of the accursed offshoots of slavery. Where you make a race odious by oppression, all that belong to that race will participate in that odium, whether they be free or slave. And the South have maintained that institution which has made the African a prejudiced man even in the North. How next did that prejudice come to exist? It was on account of the multitude of Irishmen that came to the States [cheers and interruption]. I declare my admiration for many of these people who have illustrated the page of history in every department. It is part of the fruit of ignorance, and, as they allege, the oppression that they have suffered—that it has made them oppressors. I bear witness that there is no class of people in America who are so bitter against the colored people, and so eager for slavery, as the ignorant, the poor, uninstructed Irishmen ["Oh," and "Hear," and "Three cheers for old Ireland"]. But although there have been wrongs done to them in the North, the condition of the free colored people in the North is unspeakably better than in the South. They own their wives and children [hear, hear]. They have the right to select their place and their kind of labor; their rights of property are protected just as ours are. The right of education is accorded to them [hear, hear]. There is in the city of New York more than ten million dollars of property owned by free colored people [hear]. They have their own schools; they have their own churches; their own orators, and there is no more gifted man, and no man whose superb eloquence more deserves to be listened to than Frederick Douglas [loud cheers]; and if you think that he has too much white blood, then there is Samual Ward, who is black as black can be; and if you can find any man in the South who is super

admonish me that we had better open some kind of "meeting of inquiry" [renewed laughter]. It will give me great pleasure, as a gentlemen, to receive questions from any gentleman [hear, hear], and to give such reply as is in my power.

The reverend gentleman remained standing for a few moments, as if to give the opportunity of interrogation, but no one rising to question him, he sat down amid great cheers. The speech lasted nearly 2½ hours.

## *A SPEECH BY LORD BROUGHAM.*

HIS VIEWS ON THE AMERICAN WAR AND ON THE FRENCH OCCUPATION OF MEXICO.

LORD BROUGHAM delivered an elaborate address at the opening of the Seventh Annual Meeting of the National Association for the promotion of Social Science at Edinburg, on Oct. 8. In the course of his speech he made the following reference to the Mexican expedition, and American topics in general:

A great, and but for its success, a very unpopular expedition has resulted in the occupation of Mexico by the French government, and the foundation of a monarchical *régime*, nearly upon the principles adopted in France, both as regards the power of the Crown and the rights of the people. It is impossible to question the advantages derivable from the change by the Mexicans, who for so many years had suffered all the evils of alternate anarchy and the violence and plunder of petty tyrants. Nor can any friend of humanity and of peace begrudge the influence acquired by France, or cavil at the use made of it in favor of Austria. The peace of the Continent is furthered by whatever brings these two great powers into a friendly connection. * * * * * * *

But the establishment of French influence in Mexico is likely to produce an uneasy feeling in the now unhappily dis-United States of America, and may by no remote possibility *lead to an amicable intercourse with the South, not perhaps against the North, but in formal recognition of the secession, and in breach of the blockade.* The friends of humanity would have good cause for lamenting anything so manifestly tending to promote the continuance of the war, and extends its mischiefs. The term civil war is now hardly applicable to this miserable contest. The people of the South are banded against those of the North exactly as any two European nations, differing in all respects save language, have been banded against each other—the Austrians and Prussians, for example. But give it what name we may, no one can doubt that it is a cruel calamity to the Americans, themselves, and, though in a much less degree, to the rest of the world, which with one accord, joins in reprobating their conduct while lamenting its effects. Each party, of course, seeks to cast on the other the heavy blame of breaking the peace. On one side is the wicked allegation of property in human beings; on the other, the hollow pretext of making war to free American slavery—her shame and her curse, as all except slave-owners admit it to be. Hollow we may call it, for those who proclaimed emancipation confess that it was a measure of hostility to the whites, and designed to produce slave insurrection, from which the much-enduring nature of the unhappy negroes saved the country. My esteemed friend, the prelate who exalts by his eloquence and his virtues the name of Wilberforce which he inherits, declared that the authors of the measure cared as little for the blacks' freedom as for the whites'; and now they call for extermination of the one race to liberate the other. But, whatever may have been the proximate cause of the contest, its continuance is the result of a national vanity without example and without bounds. Individuals subject to this failing are despised, not hated; and it is an ordinary expression respecting him who is without the weakness, that he is too proud to be vain. But when a people are seized with it, they change the name, and call it love of glory. Of the individual we often hear the remark that, despicable as the weakness is, it leads to no bad actions. Nothing can be more false. It leads to many crimes, and to that disregard of truth which is the root of all offences. Certainly it produces none of the worse crimes. The man who is a prey to vanity thirsts not for the blood of his neighbor. How fearfully otherwise is it when a nation is its slave! Magnifying itself beyond all measure, and despising the rest of mankind—blinded and intoxicated with self-satisfaction—persuaded that their very crimes are proofs of greatness, and believing that they are both admired and envied, *the Americans have not only not been content with the destruction of half a million but been vain of the slaughter.* Their object being to retain a great name among nations for their extent of territory, *they exulted in the wholesale bloodshed by which it must be accomplished because others were unable to make such a sacrifice.* The struggle of above two years, which loosened all the bonds which holds society together, and gave to millions the means of showing their capacity, *has produced no genius, civil or military; while the submission to every caprice of tyranny had been universal and habitual, and never interrupted by a single act of resistance to the most flagrant infractions of personal freedom.* The mischiefs of mob supremacy have been constantly felt; for the calamity of rational and respectable men keeping aloof from the management of affairs has resulted in the tyranny of the multitude. To this submission, and the rulers have never withheld their the populace, and pandering to their passions, has persisted in every misrepresentation which might most disguise the truth as to passing events, exaggerating each success, extenuating each defeat, often describing failure as victory; while the multitude, if the truth by chance reached them, were one day sunk in despair, another elated to ecstacy, almost at the pleasure of their rulers and their guides. Nor were the falsehoods thus propagated confined to the event of the war; they extended to all things—to the measures of the government and the acts of foreign nations. The public feeling must not be thwarted; the people desired to hear whatever gratified their vanity or raised their spirits; and in this delusion must they live as long as the war lasts and the rule is in the hands of the mob. The truth they will never hear, because they desire to hear what is pleasing and not what is true. But it would be a great mistake to charge on their false guides the follies and the crimes which they chime in with and do their best to perpetuate. The people are determined to their course. Far from feeling shame at the cruel scenes which modern ages—nay, which Christian times—have seen nothing to equal—a spectacle at which the whole world stands aghast, almost to incredulity—*they actually glory in it as a proof of their higher nature, believe themselves to be the envy as the flower of mankind, and fancy that their prowess would triumph over the most powerful States of Europe!* In such illusions their chiefs may not practically join, but the people are, beyond doubt, a prey to them, and will continue so to the end—

> "Hear the just law, the judgment of the skies,
> They that hate truth shall be the dupes of lies;
> And if they will be cheated to the last,
> Delusion strong as hell shall bind them fast."

The feeling toward England which prevails among the American people, though arising from the excess of national vanity, and its kindred envy, is certainly in part the remains of the old quarrel that led to the separation. *We are hated and despised; neither feeling is at all reciprocal, but among our kinsfolk it prevails in a degree almost amounting to mental alienation;* it can be hardly accounted for without recurring to the ancient grudge of the American war; and it illustrates the soundness of the view taken by those who have most considered the great subject of colonial policy, that we must so govern our settlements as to prepare for a separation on friendly terms, always assuming that sooner or later their growth will bring about their independence. Some distinguished men in the literary as well as political world have lately maintained the opinion *that our colonies are only a burden and that they give us no benefits worth the expense they entail.* This is a great error, and it is not now for the first time that I so describe it. Sixty years ago, while residing here, I published a work in which the whole subject was fully examined in all its branches, and a demonstration given of the benefits—political, social and commercial—of colonial establishments, with detailed proofs that their cost falls far short of their benefits, and that the wars ascribed to them had another origin. The book was very soon out of print, and I have always refused to allow a second edition. It might now, however, be of some use, as the information contained respecting the colonies of all nations ought to be more generally diffused. The lapse of sixty years has no doubt made great changes, and the work is to be viewed as historical with regard to the facts; but the doctrines have been confirmed by all that has happened; they are entirely applicable to the present state of affairs and are most worthy of attention from the promoters of social science. His lordship then briefly passed in review the progress made by our colonies in the last sixty years, and what has been done in the way of emigration, and then turned to the consideration of topics of general interest only.

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FREE AND SLAVE LABOR.—Henry Winter Davis, in a recent speech at Philadelphia, had something to say about free and slave labor. Here is an extract right to the point, and refutes the cant of the opposition concerning the outrage committed in attempting to free the negroes. He said:

"Everything that the Apocalypse tells about the last day was predicted of the negroes. They were to rob, ravage and burn. Where have they behaved otherwise than as soldiers? They marched through the streets of Baltimore, and took the military oath. There is not enough of them. Send them South, with arms in their hands. Without this, the President's proclamation is not worth the paper on which it is written. The man who is afraid of negro equality is not far from it already. How can they be removed? Who would compensate King Cotton for the loss of his subjects? Let the cotton lord know that his crop must be raised by free negro labor, and he will be glad to hire the negro to raise it. Who ever heard of a negro running away from where he was free? Who ever heard of a negro running at all?

In Baltimore we know all about it. Half our negroes are free. The slaves are the laziest of the two. The freemen are industrious. They save money, and educate their children, and give our judges less trouble than some other people. Let the planter choose between no cotton and free labor, and they will take the latter. There is no question about it. Large plantations are now cultivated by free-paid negro labor. And even in Maryland, secessionists have gone to their slaves, and offered them higher wages than they would pay white men, if they would agree not to enlist."

## *REPLY OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN TO THE MISSOURI DELEGATION.*

INSTRUCTIONS TO GEN. SCHOFIELD—ADDRESS OF C. D. DRAKE, CHAIRMAN OF THE DELEGATION.

*To the Radical Union men of Missouri.*

IT becomes my duty, as Chairman of the Delegation from Missouri which recently visited the city of Washington to confer with President Lincoln in regard to Missouri affairs, to lay before you his reply to the communications submitted by the Delegation to him, which reply is hereto subjoined. It came to my hands on the 19th inst., and would have been immediately published, but that I felt it incumbent on me to accompany its publication with some remarks, which I have not until now had time to prepare. My remarks will be such as seem to me justified by the occasion. They will be dictated by no spirit of disrespect toward the President, personally or officially.

A perusal of the President's letter will satisfy you that, except in a single point, the visit of the delegation to him failed, for the present, to attain its objects. This will be a source of rejoicing to our adversaries, as it will be of regret to you, and to all men of unconditional loyalty in the country.

Nothing was more manifest to the delegation while in Washington, than that the sympathies of the unconditional Unionists of all the loyal States were enlisted on our behalf. We were recognized as the representatives of the true Union party of Missouri, and will be so recognized hereafter by the whole body of such Union men as have just swept Conservatism and Copperheadism from the face of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Iowa, and will in due time perform the same glorious work in other States. Had nothing more been effected by our visit to the seat of government, this were a cause of present congratulation, as it will be of future advantage.

Though the President has not judged it expedient, under all the circumstances, to meet the wishes of those in Missouri, whom, in our interview with him, he expressly recognized as the party upon which he must mainly rely for the support here of his Administration; yet that recognition by him may be expected to bear fruits in the future, which will probably compensate for present disappointment.

We gave him an appropriate opportunity for signifying that he was in accord with the radical Union sentiment which is everywhere rising, and will be the controlling force in the elections, State and National, in 1864; but he declined to embrace it. This, however, should be no discouragement to us, or to any who think with us. The safety of the country is in that Radicalism which would strike at the rebellion with every available means, and which deems it indispensable to the overthrow of the rebellion to destroy utterly its sole cause and life—the institution of slavery. The loyal people of the land are rapidly embracing that great truth, and he who rejects or ignores it will live to see and regret his mistake.

That the President should have virtually adhered to Gov. Gamble's Administration, notwithstanding our representations, does not greatly surprise me. I could not overlook the important fact that two members of his Cabinet were avowedly our opponents, and that their presence in Washington abides, while necessarily ours could be but transient. Their influence has doubtless triumphed for the time; but it is a short-lived triumph, even if continued to the end of the President's official term. Before that time the people will have pronounced their verdict. In the trial which is to precede its rendition, it is your duty and mine to perform our parts steadily and manfully, unrepressed by present failure, and unawed by official opposition, however potent.

In connection with the remarks of the President concerning Gen. Schofield, it is due to myself and the Delegation, and necessary to the truth of history, that I should make an explanatory statement. The President notices certain charges against Gen. Schofield, which may be thus enumerated:

1. Imbecility.

2. That Gen. Schofield, *on purpose* to protect the Lawrence murderers, would not allow them to be pursued into Missouri;

3. That Gen. Schofield has *purposely* withheld protection from the loyal people, and *purposely* facilitated the objects of the disloyal.

When I say to you that no such charges were made, either in the address of the Delegation, or in the letter of their Executive Committee (both of which have been published), and that I heard no such charges made by any one in our interview with the President, you will understand my surprise at his reference to them. For myself, I feel bound in honor to say, thus publicly, that I have no knowledge which would lead me to make or believe any of those charges.

For what, as a member of the Delegation and Executive Committee, and as the author of the address of the former and letter of the latter, I felt justified in urging against Gen. Schofield, I am responsible; but for no more. I felt justified in assailing his administration of the Department of the Missouri, on the ground stated in those documents; but not in laying to his charge any of those three enumerated points. And I am unable to say with certainty whence those charges proceeded. Of course they were before the President, or he would not have noticed them. You will observe that he refers to four documents submitted to him on the 31 of October. One was the letter of the Executive Committee; the others were statements made out by sub-committees, and supposed to embody merely representations of the conditions of things in those districts; at least that was the object of the Delegation in authorizing their preparation.

Those three documents were not submitted to the Delegation or the Executive Committee. One of them I read; the others I did not. That which I read contained no charges of the above description. I am, therefore, led to the conclusion that those charges were embraced in one or the other of the papers which I did not read. If so, the author of the paper containing them is alone responsible for them.

In like manner, the point concerning the removal of Colonel Dick as Provost Marshal General, and the appointment of Colonel Broadhead in his place, was not referred to in the address of the Delegation or the letter of the Executive Committee; and must therefore have been contained in one or the other of the statements prepared by sub-committees.

I regret that the charges contained in those statements were made, for they were selected by the President as the points to be answered, to the almost entire exclusion of those urged by the Delegation and the Executive Committee. You will observe that his letter does not meet the grounds which we presented in those papers. It is, in fact, more remarkable for what it does not say, than for what it says. It is equally remarkable for an apparent want of appreciation of the true posture and needs of Missouri affairs.

We stated to him that a pro-slavery policy dominated Missouri, and that General Schofield had made himself a party to that policy; but the President did not see it, though his hope of support for his Admiaistration is in those with whom is the anti-slavery sentiment of the country.

We set forth that General Schofield had identified himself with Governor Gamble's pro-slavery administration, but the President did not heed his friends on that point, though he had yielded to the demands of those who are in reality, and will ere long show themselves to be, his opponents, and removed from his department General Curtis, who would not identify himself with that Administration.

We represented that General Schofield had shaped his policy to conform to Governor Gamule's pro-slavery, conservative views, but the President does not reply to that, though Gen. Curtis was displaced in consequence of his refusal to suffer Gov. Gamble to shape his policy.

We allege that Gen. Schofield had subordinated Federal authority in Missouri to State rule; and we gave the evidence of it in his General Order No. 89 of Aug. 27, 1863, wherein he, in effect, admitted the necessity for obtaining Gov. Gamble's *permission* to enlist men into the volunteer service of the United States out of the enrolled Missouri militia—a force of *State* troops embodied without authority of law; but the President ignores the point, though one of the prominent causes of the array of Gov. Gamble's whole power to procure Gen. Curtis's removal was that officer's decided and proper refusal to recognize that force as one to which he should commit the protection of Missouri.

We claimed that Missouri was as much entitled as any other State to be protected by the *National* arms, and that neither law, justice, nor equity demanded that the burden of protecting her should be thrown upon her people and her treasury; but the President thinks our demand very extraordinary, and asks whence the National forces are to come, and whether they shall be withdrawn from Banks, or Grant, or Steele, or Rosecrans; though there does not appear to have been any serious difficulty in recently detaching a large body of troops from the Army of the Potomac to enforce the draft in New-York, even while that army faced the greatest army in the Rebel States. In this connection let it be said, that there is probably not a Radical Union man in Missouri, who objects to Missourians being employed to protect their own State. The objection is to their being compelled in service as a *State* force, and subjected to the command of pro-slavery men, and used for the advancement of a pro-slavery policy.

We asked the President not to allow the enrolled Militia to be supported at the expense of the United States, because it was odiously conscripted into service without lawful authority; because its existence is a hardship to the loyal men of Missouri; because its aid in carrying out the measures of the Department Commander in some points, against disloyal persons, had been denied by Gov. Gamble's orders and because the power in Gov. Gamble's hands of appointing the field officers of that force is used to proscribe Radical Union men, and appoint in their places men of doubtful loyalty, and, in some instances, men who in the former stages of the rebellion, were violent secessionists; but the President in his letter does not deem these points worthy of remark.

We declared that from the day of Gen. Schofield's accession to the command of this Department, matters have grown worse and worse in Missouri, till now they are in a more terrible condition than they have been at any time since the outbreak of the rebellion; but this does not seem to have arrested the President's notice.

And finally, we entreated him to observe—what our address abundantly showed—that in our ill-fated State the conflict is between loyalty and disloyalty; that every radical Union man is wholly and truly loyal, while the great mass of the Conservatives are, and have been from the rise of the rebellion, notoriously disloyal; but even that does not challenge his attention, so as to lead to a reference to it in his letter.

Thus is it shown that the material points presented by the Delegation and the Executive Committee were passed by, and the case, apparently, decided in reference to matters not urged by either.

The only point in which our mission was a success, is that of the order of the President to Gen. Schofield concerning elections in this State; which you will have noticed with gratification has already been complied with, by the issue of General Order No. 120. It is only justice to Gen. Schofield to say, that he issued that Order after a conference with a Committee of Radical Union men, in the course of which he exhibited every disposition to do all in his legitimate power to secure a fair election; readily adopting a suggestion from them, and afterward adopting an additional safeguard, which had not occurred to them. This result, of itself, compensates for the visit of our delegation to the President.

Radical Union men of Missouri! the case is before you. You have done your duty in the premises, and though you have not gained all that you hoped, there is no occasion to despond. Your cause is just in the sight of Heaven and of men, and must be upheld. Great principles like ours never die. All that is needed to vindicate and spread them, is brave, earnest and patient hearts, and stern, resolute wills. The issue is upon us and must be met. Again and again I urge you to realize that it is *between* LOYALTY *and* DISLOYALTY. With the most solemn earnestness, I invoke every man who loves his country, hates treason, loathes traitors, and abhors slavery as the spring, and life, and power of the rebellion, to perform his whole duty in this great juncture of our affairs. On the third day of November, let every such man devote himself with all his might to the great cause of his country and freedom, and the setting sun of that day will see the power of disloyalty finally and utterly broken in Missouri.

St. Louis, Oct. 22, 1863. C. D. DRAKE.

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### THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, Oct. 5, 1863.

*The Hon.* CHARLES D. DRAKE, *and others, Committee:*

GENTLEMEN: Your original address, presented on the 30th ult., and the four supplementary ones presented on the 3d inst., have been carefully considered. I hope you will regard the other duties claiming my attention, together with the great length and importance of these documents as constituting a sufficient apology for my not having responded sooner.

These papers, framed for a common object, consist of the things demanded, and the reasons for demanding them.

The things demanded are:

1. That Gen. Schofield shall be relieved, and Gen. Butler be appointed as Commander of the Military Department of Missouri.

2. That the system of Enrolled Militia in Missouri may be broken up, and National forces be substituted for it; and,

3. That, at elections, persons may not be allowed to vote who are not entitled by law to do so.

Among the reasons given, enough of suffering and wrong to Union men is certainly, and I suppose truly, stated. Yet the whole case as presented fails to convince me that Gen. Schofield, or the enrolled militia, is responsible for that suffering and wrong. The whole can be explained on a more charitable, and, as I think, a more rational hypothesis.

We are in civil war. In such cases there always is a main question: but in this case that question is a perplexing compound—Union and slavery. It thus becomes a question not of two sides merely, but of at least four sides, even among those who are for the Union, saying nothing of those who are against it. Thus, those who are for the Union *with* but not *without* slavery—those for it *without* but not *with*—those for it *with* or *without*, but prefer it *with*, and those for it *with* or *without*, but prefer it *without*.

Among these again is a subdivision of those who are for *gradual* but not for *immediate*, and those who are for *immediate* but not for *gradual* extinction of slavery.

It is easy to conceive that all these shades of opinion, and even more, may be sincere and entertained by honest and truthful men. Yet, all being for the Union, by reason of these differences, each will prefer a different way of sustaining the Union. At once, sincerity is questioned, and motives are assailed. Actual war coming, blood grows hot, and blood is spilled. Thought is forced from old channels into confusion. Deception breeds and thrives. Confidence dies, and universal suspicion reigns. Each man feels an impulse to kill his neighbor, less he be killed by him. Revenge and retaliation follow. And all this, as before said, may be and honest men only. But this is not all. Every foul bird comes abroad, and every dirty reptile rises up. These add crime to confusion. Strong measures deemed indispensable, but harsh at best, such men make worse by mal-administration. Murders for old grudges, and murders for pelf proceed under any cloak that will best cover for the occasion.

These causes amply account for what has occurred in Missouri, without ascribing it to the weakness or wickedness of any general. The newspaper files, those chroniclers of current events, will show that the evils now complained of were quite as prevalent under Fremont, Hunter, Halleck and Curtis, as under Schofield. If the former had greater force opposed to them, they also had greater force with which to meet it. When the organized rebel army left the State the main Union force had to go also, leaving the Department commander at home, relatively no stronger than before. Without disparaging any, I affirm with confidence that no commander of that Department has, in proportion to his means, done better than Gen. Schofield.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

INSTRUCTIONS TO GEN. SCHOFIELD.

[Copy.]

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 1, 1863.

GEN. JOHN M. SCHOFIELD: There is no organized military force in avowed opposition to the General government now in Missouri; and if any such shall reappear your duty in regard to it will be too plain to require any special instruction. Still, the condition of things, both there and elsewhere, is such as to render it indispensable to maintain, for a time, the United States military establishment in that State, as well as to rely upon it for a fair contribution of support to that establishment generally. Your immediate duty in regard to Missouri now is to advance the efficiency of that establishment, and to so use it, as far as practicable, to compel the excited people there to leave one another alone.

Under your recent order, which I have approved, you will only arrest individuals, and suppress assemblies or newspapers, when they may be working palpable injury to the military in your charge; and in no other case will you interfere with the expression of opinion in any form, or allow it to be interfered with violently by others. In this you have a discretion to exercise with great caution, calmness and forbearance.

With the matters of removing the inhabitants of certain Counties en masse, and of removing certain individuals from time to time, who are supposed to be mischievous, I am not now interfering, but am leaving to your own discretion.

Nor am I interfering with what may still seem to you to be necessary restrictions upon trade and intercourse. I think proper, however, to enjoin upon you the following: Allow no part of the military under your command to be engaged in either returning fugitive slaves, or in forcing or enticing slaves from their homes; and, so far as practicable, enforce the same forbearance upon the people.

Report to me your opinion upon the availability for good of the Enrolled Militia of the State. Allow no one to enlist colored troops, except upon orders from you, or from here through you.

Allow no one to assume the functions of confiscating property, under the law of Congress, or otherwise, except upon orders from here.

At elections, see that those, and only those, are allowed to vote, who are entitled to do so by the laws of Missouri, including as of those laws the restrictions laid by the Missouri Convention upon those who may have participated in the rebellion.

So far as practicable, you will, by means of your military force, expel guerillas, marauders, and murderers, and all who are known to harbor, aid, or abet them. But in like manner you will repress assumptions of unauthorized individuals to perform the same service, because under pretense of doing this they become marauders and murderers themselves.

To now restore peace, let the military obey orders; and those not of the military, leave each other alone, thus not breaking the peace themselves.

In giving the above directions it is not intended to restrain you in other expedient and necessary matters not falling within their range.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

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### *A FACT.*

Translated for The Liberator from The Pionier, October 14.

FROM a trustworthy source—the most trustworthy that can possibly be desired—we are informed of a fact which stands unexampled in the history of republican administration and defence, and which makes it difficult to decide whether we ought to wonder more that it was possible, or that it has not yet been publicly known. Those who possess the least insight into the interests of the republic, and the slightest sympathy for the maintenance of its honor, have rightly been both astounded and rendered indignant by a policy which not only permitted the arch enemy of all republicanism to set foot in Mexico without a protest, but was even his accomplice in so far as it allowed him quietly to draw from North American ports his munitions of war, while it refused the procurement of weapons to the government of the threatened neighbor-republic. Already this had been justly regarded and branded as an abasement and half betrayal of this country. But what name is there for an act which delivers directly into the hand of the murderer of two republics the knife for the murder of the third, whose corpse is merely to serve him as a standpoint for the murder of the fourth? The fact of which we speak is this:

*Mr. Seward* (for whom Mr. Lincoln is responsible), *at the time when the French invasion of Mexico was in process, entrusted to the French Ambassador Mercier, from the archives in Washington, all the plans and maps of the campaign of Gen. Scott*, in order thereby to facilitate for the invading army the work of slaying the republic.

In a country like Mexico, such plans and maps have a far different value from what belongs to them in an open and thoroughly cultivated region, whose topography is universally known; they have the value of a deadly auxiliary weapon. But even if they were worthless, their surrender would be an act of flagrant dishonesty, faithlessness and infamy, which no government could commit without incurring universal contempt.

For such an extraordinary act, there must exist an extraordinary motive. What can it be?

Did Mr. Seward wish, through a readiness to oblige which should prove its sincerity even by the abandonment of all honor and self-interest, to avert, at the expense of a hapless neighbor, the intervention with which a powerful despot seemed to threaten this republic? Then was he not only the blindest, but also the most cowardly, of all statesmen to whom the defence of a republic was ever entrusted.

Or did he think to lure the threatening enemy into a snare which would, in his opinion, lead him to destruction? This would only be conceivable if a blindness without a name had caused him to overlook as well the power of the enemy as the notorious fact, that the French Emperor had an understanding with the rebellion of the South, and in it lent support to an ally.

Or shall we resort to the ungrateful supposition that the "first statesman" in America beheld in the French murderer of republics a veritable friend and ally?

Whichever way we turn, whatever be the explanation at which we clutch, we find none that does not reveal Mr. Seward and his chief to be utterly incapable and unworthy, whether from cowardice or from blindness, of the defence of the republic. And yet from this judgment there is but one escape, which leads to a still more discreditable conclusion: that Mr. Seward has willingly and designedly betrayed the republic to the most abominable despot in the world.

The menial services of an assassin with the malefactor of the 2d of December, for the destruction of a friendly and neighboring people, and then kissing the hand of the blood-dripping butcher of Poland, in order to seek protection from the malefactor—that indicates the role which the successors of Washington, Franklin and Monroe play before foreigners in the year 1863 for the defence of the republic. Poor republic! That the Americans yet have blood in their veins is seen only from that which they permit their able leaders to shed so generously without avail; whoever looks in their faces, which no longer blush for shame, might esteem them bloodless.

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CAPACITY OF THE NEGRO.—The Nashville *Union*, in an article respecting the declaration of the opposition that the emancipated slaves cannot take care of themselves, says that amid all the excitement and extraordinary troubles of civil war, the black people of that city have been carrying on no less than eight highly respectable schools, which are attended regularly by some six hundred pupils. The trustees and teachers are all "American citizens of African descent"; no white person interfering in any way. The government has nothing to do with them.

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REBEL SLAVES SENT TO CUBA.—It is said that many rebels, in order to secure the value of their slave property, have quietly sent their chattels to Cuba. But this *dernier resort* has failed them, as through the instrumentality of Mr. Savage, our able Consul, many of these slaves have been set free. It is a law of Spain that any slave brought from the continent or adjoining isles becomes free the moment he touches the soil of Cuba. It is the same in the case of a slave being taken from Cuba to Spain, notwithstanding the colonial relations.


# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1863.


## *CELEBRATION OF THE THIRD DECADE OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.*

At the Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, held in the city of New York, in May last, it was unanimously

Resolved, That in accordance with usage, and from reasons of obvious fitness, it is proper that the completion of another Decade of the Society's existence should be marked by a special public meeting devoted to a general review and survey of the cause; and that therefore this Society, when it adjourns on this occasion, will adjourn to meet in the city of Philadelphia, on the third day of December next, then and there to celebrate, in an appropriate manner, the thirtieth—and we would fain hope the final—anniversary of its formation.

In accordance with this vote, the Executive Committee hereby announce that the THIRD DECADE of the Society will be held in Philadelphia, on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, Dec. 3d and 4th, 1863.

Historically, it will be an occasion of thrilling interest and joyous congratulation, unequalled in the eventful career of the Society since its formation. Unquestionably, it will be largely attended by the friends of universal liberty, representing every section of the country loyal to the government. Who among them will need any stronger appeal than the simple announcement of the fact to induce him to be present, if circumstances should permit? Let them make their arrangements accordingly. "Whosoever will, let him come"—come in the spirit of Justice and love—come as remembering those in bonds as bound with them—come as one abhorring "the guilty phantasy, that man can hold property in man"—come to put down the rebellion by helping to exterminate the hideous system from which it has legitimately sprung!

A strong array of able and eloquent speakers will be in attendance.

[Further particulars hereafter.]

In behalf of the Executive Committee,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *President.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS, CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, } *Secretaries.*

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## *WORK TO DO!*

OUR readers will have observed in another place a notice on the part of the American Anti-Slavery Society of its intention of putting as many agents into the field as it can command for the purpose of urging the people, as far as they may be able to reach them, to sustain the President in his Emancipation policy, and to prevail upon Congress, if it may be, to make it round and complete by the entire abolition of slavery where he has left it untouched, on such terms and conditions as the two Houses may deem best. This next session of Congress is the golden moment for such a perfect work to be done. If it be not accomplished then, the matter goes over to enter into the elements of the approaching Presidential election, and to become the subject of fierce agitation and passionate excitement. Who can tell what spirit may issue forth from the ebullition of that seething cauldron, evil or good, and what form it will take upon itself when it glides upon the scene of our politics? It is in the power of Congress to take slavery substantially out from among the questions which are to be vexed during the approaching campaign. Though it cannot but have a certain amount of weight in the discussions then to arise, it rests very much with Congress to say on which side that weight shall incline. If Congress solemnly enact, in view of the necessities of the nation, as a war-measure authorized by the Constitution and carried out in conformity with it, that slavery shall cease to exist everywhere within the limits of the United States, with such alleviation of compensation as political, if not moral, justice demands of a long-consenting nation to slave-masters of approved loyalty, the issues of the next election will be greatly simplified, and the danger of a Copperhead victory much diminished. Political agitations are much more easily aroused, and may be more mischievously engendered on unsettled and doubtful points than on such as have already been ascertained and fixed by actual legislation. Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill and the Corn-laws rent England asunder, as it were, while there was a chance of hindering them from becoming Statutes of the Realm, but the whole force of Tory opposition beat in vain against them after they had been consolidated into law. It is possible that emancipation may thus be crystalized into an organic entity before next Summer and one which shall break in pieces any party that shall fall upon it, and grind to powder one upon which it may fall, in any struggle which may rage about it.

How is this to be effected? Precisely as all other steps in the great march towards universal freedom have been urged forward. Events may do much. The success of our armies, the success of the armies of the rebels more certainly, may encourage or compel Congress to this essentially vital action. But as the season of inaction is close at hand, it is not unlikely that no influences of this kind may proceed forth from either host. Military matters may remain in *statu quo* for months, as they have done for two successive seasons, and exert only a dead weight on Congressional deliberations. The prevailing force of military events being suspended for a time, that of civil public opinion may assert its just and legitimate sway. We believe that that public opinion is largely right now, and that it is growing more and more right every day. We believe that immense advances have been made since the last year at this time, when almost all the members of the Congress soon to assemble were elected. It is in the memory of all our readers how dubiously the scale of those elections hung and how uncertain it is yet whether the proclamation of September or dissatisfaction with the conduct of the war had most to do with the election of Seymour and the diminished numbers of Administration Representatives. The occurrences of the last twelvemonth have changed the opinions of many a man, and the gloom of that day has been happily exchanged for the more cheerful prospects of this. A small Administration majority may be relied upon in support of its general war policy. A flying battalion of Border State men, elected as Unionists, will observe the campaign, and do the best they can for their constituents, by maintaining slavery intact, if possible, or making the best bargain for it they can, if its doom is inevitable. The maintaining of the war being beyond a question, the only matter which should occupy Congress, is, what are to be the terms on which the rebels shall be restored to their old political rights, after conquest or submission? Shall the disturbing element of slavery be eliminated forever from the body politic, or shall it be allowed to linger on in its extremities, a continual ulcer, when it might be made to disappear at once by a sharp and sudden remedy? It is on this matter that the Representatives need to be told what is the sense of their constituents. They cannot be supposed to know it from the fact of their elections, because the general mind has undergone great changes since then. Nor can it be assumed that they know what those changes are, for they are going on all the time. And by a vigorous and judicious application of truth to the public mind of the North, great changes may yet be made, before the business of the session has fairly set in. That mind is now in a malleable and *mouldable* state, such as it has seldom been in. Shall it be left entirely to the manipulation of the Copperheads, who are untiring in their industry, to shape it to their purposes. The American Anti-Slavery Society thinks not, and hence this movement.

This movement is begun and will be carried through, if the purpose of the Executive Committee be effected, in a single and loyal spirit towards the government. Its object is to promote and enlarge the policy of the government in the one direction in which it can secure territorial unity, permanent peace and national greatness. Its tendency will be to strengthen the moral force and the military arm of the nation. This can only be done by the operation of just and wise ideas of what the time demands. The President nor Congress have any power for good or evil excepting as they have the people behind them as a stay or a support. This the President avowed as the reason for withholding the proclamation as long as he did—that he could not be sure that the nation would sustain him in it. What he required, Congress needs yet more, and it is this support that this movement is organized to try and give it. We apprehend that the strength of anti-slavery opinion in the Northern mind is much exaggerated by many sanguine Abolitionists. Multitudes sustain the proclamation and affirm the necessary and inevitable destruction of slavery only because the madness of the rebels has made it seem to them that it is the only way in which the Union can be restored, and not from any rooted objection to the system itself or any broad views of the political necessities of its existence. The Union with slavery in it answered the purposes of a large majority of the Northern people well enough, as long as it was contented with governing them. It is indignation at slavery's proceeding to break up the Union under which they throve so well that makes many willing to destroy it utterly. Should the issue be changed and the rebels be willing to return to their allegiance on the condition of the restoration of the *status quo ante bellum*, as far as possible, including the old guarantees of slavery, we fear that there would be a great number of War Democrats and Whigs, not to say Republicans, who would change their front in the twinkling of an eye. "What!" they would say to those who demanded the execution of the proclamation, "Are you not gorged with blood yet? Have you more millions of good money to fling away after bad? When you are offered all for which you went to war—the return of the rebels to allegiance—must you have a hundred thousand more lives and another billion of dollars for the benefit of a quantity of miserable negroes who are better off as they now are?" We should be sorry to risk the next Presidential election, in the present state of men's minds, on the issue of peace with slavery protected, offered by the rebels, or the war continued for its abolition.

We should not forget the immense strength of the pro-slavery party in the North. We should remember, while we rejoice over the union victories at the polls, that there is a great body of men in every State, united as the Administration party cannot be, led by men malignant, unscrupulous, desperate. It would not take a very large proportion of war Democrats, and loyal Bell and Everett men, and Blair and Dana Republicans to turn the balance the wrong way. Give us time, and the common sense of the people will see that Peace without Emancipation would be worse than a delusion and a snare. Another year may work greater changes than this has seen. It will, if all who accept the emancipation necessity do their duty. It may, whether they do it or not. But it is none the less their duty and should be done. It is in this spirit and with these views that this movement has been set on foot. Its object is solely to sustain the government and restore a true Union by making the people feel deeply the vital nature of the Emancipation issue, to induce them to act upon Congress by petition, by personal influence, and every method by which it can be reached, to do its part by abolishing slavery everywhere, as a necessity of civil war and an essential preliminary to peace. This will be the main purpose of the speakers employed, but they will enforce all other ideas and measures that shall tend to strengthen the government and crush the rebellion. We invite the countenance and assistance of all loyal persons of every name to this movement. If conducted as we believe it will be, it will be felt everywhere that principles take the shape of facts—at the polls, in the recruiting-offices, in Congress, and on the field of battle.

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## *LETTER FROM SAMUEL MAY, JR.*

LEICESTER, Mass., Oct. 24, 1863.

*To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

A BRIEF visit to Washington, Baltimore, etc., from which I have just returned, enables me to give testimony on some points of interest, in themselves, to all anti-slavery people, and to all friends of a just Republic and of a true Union; and therefore, and also in hope to direct in much-needed channels, a portion of the beneficent efforts of your readers, and of others to whose notice this may come, I send you a plain account of some things which I saw.

Tarrying a little in Philadelphia on our way, we had an opportunity to visit and inspect the two Volunteer Refreshment Saloons, which have become so famed throughout the country, and upon whose supporters and conductors the blessings of so many wearied and hungry soldiers, and of their friends, have rested, and will continue long to rest. Not merely tens, but hundreds, of thousands of soldiers, passing through the city—and colored regiments as well as white—have been furnished here with refreshing food, etc., without money and without price, and been sent on their way invigorated and cheered. Connected with each Saloon are rooms fitted up as hospitals for such as faint and fall by the way. These neat and well-ordered establishments, springing up spontaneously and carried on without ostentation, tended by women whose devoted labors constitute them Sisters of Mercy and of Charity indeed, aided by judicious and humane men, are a most honorable monument to the loyalty and the humanity of Philadelphia, and go far to atone for the many sad and cruel wrongs which have been enacted in her streets, seemingly with her approval, during the past thirty years. The day for those acts of subserviency to slavery, we trust, has wholly gone. Certainly very many encouraging facts exists to make us think so. We had great pleasure also in visiting the spacious Club-house on Chestnut street, used as the headquarters of the Philadelphia Union League. It was on the morning of the day following the State election, and we were most happy in offering to the gentlemen there our congratulations on its result (as well as in Ohio)—a result to which the laborers of this League had extensively contributed. Most diligently and bravely they worked to save their State from the deceptions and machinations of the Copperheads, and from the disgrace of coming under vassalage to those worse than Tories, and in doing this they did not fail to speak of slavery and its designs in terms which proved their thorough knowledge of its character, and their conviction of the necessity of its complete extirpation and abolition. We also visited the headquarters of the Commission for Recruiting Colored troops, and witnessed the march of a colored regiment through the principal streets of the city.

The day after our arrival in Washington we visited the Contraband Camp near Fourteenth street, recently removed thither from Capitol Hill. Camp Barker is its name, I believe. Every person who goes to Washington, and who cares for the honor and future welfare of his country, should visit this cam

band of music, the *music* being furnished by one boy who *sang* "Yankee Doodle." Everywhere good order reigned. Surface-drains take off the rain, and prevent standing water. We were the more surprised at the tidy appearance of the camp without, and of the rooms, hospital, etc., within, when informed that there was but a single well of water in the whole camp, and the supply from it wholly inadequate to the absolute necessities of the people, who bring much of the water used by them a distance of a quarter of a mile. Effort had not been spared to have water brought in pipes to the camp, as to other parts of the city; but the military officer in control had scouted the idea of negroes having any such consideration shown to them. So, for the present, this camp, or community, of seven hundred people, must be straitened for water, and subjected to much hazard and to positive discomfort, to say no more.

These freed slaves arrive at the rate of one hundred and more weekly, when the army of the Potomac is in motion. When their numbers become too great, the surplus is sent over the river to another Contraband Camp, on Arlington Heights, under charge of Rev. Mr. Nichols, formerly of Chicago. Frequent applications are made at both camps, by persons residing in Washington, Georgetown, etc., for the service of those able to work, and very many have thus been provided with places, experiencing sometime good and fair treatment, and at other times such as to bitterly teach them that the will to enslave them is not gone, if the power is. Some 12,000 freed slaves are said to have been at this camp, for longer or shorter periods, since its establishment. Of the present number of 700, one hundred and fifty men are in government employ; but these, we learned, *had received no pay since June last*, with the exception of three or four dollars apiece. This is a most serious draw-back upon the comfort of the camp. If these men were paid regularly and punctually, we were assured by the Superintendents, there would be but very small occasion to depend upon charity from any quarter. We had hoped and supposed the day for this gross injustice to these laborers were well past.

The hospital apartments were visited, and found to be comfortable. Dr. Powell (colored) of New Bedford, Mass., is the Surgeon of the camp. Among others whom he had in charge was a child of only two or three years—a handsome, bright little boy, as he lay sleeping on his pallet. His leg had recently been amputated, in consequence of the villainous behavior of the driver of a horse-car. The mother had been into the city to do some washing, and had taken her little boy with her. returning, the driver refused to stop to let her get off the car with her child, but pushed her from the *forward* platform, causing her to fall, and the car-wheel passed over the little fellow's leg, crushing it so completely that amputation was necessary. And this child must go through life a poor cripple, probably dependent wholly upon others, owing to the infernal barbarity of that man! Surely the infinite patience of Almighty God with the crimes and cruelties of His creatures is one of the greatest mysteries we have to contemplate! Before leaving, we were taken to the room of an elderly woman, known as Aunt Lucy Smith, formerly a slave of the notorious J. M. Mason, *late* Rebel Envoy to England. She was for many years a nurse in the family of his son-in-law, that double-dyed traitor, Lieutenant Maury. She is now 76 years of age. She came to the door of her narrow quarters and welcomed us with a courtesy and propriety not to be exceeded by any white lady. The visit of our army to the estates of the rebel Mason had set her free, to spend her last days, at least, in the consciousness of being *a slave* no longer.

In the existing circumstances of this camp, and with Winter approaching, there is great and immediate need of charitable aid. The large proportion of very young and of aged people there, renders a strong appeal to the benevolent necessary. Mr. and Mrs. Holt said that *clothing*, ready for use, and any material to hold straw for beds, were the things most needed. Money can be usefully expended for them of course, but the cost of all articles is very high in Washington, beyond most other places. Material to be made up is less available than in similar places elsewhere. Ready-made, or second-hand clothing—anything for the wear of men, women, or children—with bed-sacking, will be, beyond everything else, acceptable and useful. It may be put up in box or barrel, and sent as freight, per railroad, directed to Captain J. F. Ferre, or Superintendent J. B. Holt, Contraband Camp, Washington, D. C. Will our readers take down a memorandum of these names, and, amidst their other charities, send a portion to this camp?

Not less important and deserving of constant remembrance is the large body of freed people gathered in and around Alexandria. The "Freedman's Home" here is on one of the city streets, and appeared to be too much in contact with other buildings, and of necessity crowded. Want of time prevented our examining their buildings. The freed population here is already large, and is continually receiving accessions. Many of them have put up for themselves little shanties in the outskirts of the town, and are disposed to do everything they can to help themselves. But here, as at Washington, the immediate necessities of old and young, arriving as they do utterly destitute from the land of slavery, require prompt relief. Here, as there, clothing, materials for bedding, etc., are an immediate and pressing necessity. These poor ones are most faithfully watched and kindly cared for by Mrs. Harriet Jacobs ["Linda,"] and Miss J. A. Wilbur, to either of whom donations of money, or clothing, etc., may be sent, at the corner of Washington and Wolf streets, Alexandria, Va.

Undoubtedly the best service to a newly freed slave is to teach him as soon as possible the absolute necessity of depending upon himself for support, thereby attaining the real privileges and advantages of freedom. Even if he learns this lesson by some hard and painful experiences, better these than not to learn the indispensable lesson. We were satisfied that the teachers and superintendents of the freed-people entirely understand the work they are about, and will do nothing to foster a weak spirit of dependence or charity. But let the circumstances be fairly considered—the number of the aged, of the very young, the feeble, the sick, together with the fact of occasional neglect and injustice in the payment of their wages, and none can question the need of present charitable assistance.

I must pass over unmentioned many interesting sights and occurrences, lest I make my letter too long for reading. We saw much satisfactory proof of the determined purpose of the government to crush out the rebellion. Few persons know the extent and thoroughness of the continuous line of fortifications which encircle Washington and the District, and which make an assault upon the National Capital anything but pleasant to think of to Jeff. Davis and his brigand crew.

We visited the Convalescent Camp. For neatness, order, method, admirable disposition and arrangement, pleasantness and healthiness of location, it is unequalled by any camp we have ever seen anywhere. We could discern no signs of the mal-practices which have been charged upon its officers; but there is no harm, but on the contrary, much advantage, in a jealous vigilance and scrutiny, and we are glad to hear that the charges are to be investigated. There is here a library for the use of the soldiers, as they slowly recover health and strength. It is much used, and needs replenishing.

A few words of Camp Birney near Baltimore. This is the headquarters of the recruiting of colored troops in Maryland for the United States service. Your readers will not soon forget your Philadelphia correspondent's letter (some two weeks since), narrating the process and the success of that recruiting. Before we reached Washington we heard that the whole business of recruiting in Maryland had been stopped by the President's order. Reluctant as we might be to believe this, the authority was such that we could not doubt it; and we were left to lament and wonder that the *interests of slavery* were still so potent at Washington. Will our government never learn that slavery, the parracide of the republic, deserves nothing but the speedy fate due to its enormous and never-ceasing crimes against man and God? On arriving at Camp Birney, we learned that the report we had heard was exactly true—the recruiting had been cut short, to the very serious hindrance and detriment of the undertaking. But we further learned that the interdict had *been removed*, and that the work of recruiting was again resumed. Only the day before, Col. Birney (the Commandant of the camp, a son of the late James G. Birney) had left, with two companies of the 7th Regiment U. S. colored troops, and gone to the Eastern Shore to re-commence the work. In the Colonel's absence, we were introduced to Lieut-Col. Haskell, a gentleman who appeared to us admirably qualified for his place—in whom "blood and judgment are so well commingled," that, whether with friends or foes, he would calmly preserve his equipoise. Camp Birney has an excellent and healthy location about two miles from the centre of the city. One regiment, the 4th U. S. colored troops had left the camp only the week before, and gone down the bay. Six companies of the 7th were already formed. With proper support from the government, there is no doubt that the work will go forward rapidly, placing many regiments of excellent troops in the service of the country at an early day. Who are they who oppose this? Friends of the country, or ENEMIES? "Res, non verba, quoso." Actions speak louder than words. A Boston gentleman who was of our party at Camp Birney, and whose past relations and connections have not been at all with the anti slavery movement, bore cheerful and voluntary testimony to the manly and vigorous appearance of these men, "not more than ten out of the four hundred had been free, until within a few weeks," and to their creditable appearance on drill. We had the pleasure of an introduction to Dr. Augusta, a young colored gentleman, surgeon of the 7th. It was on the very day of our visit to the camp—perhaps while we were there—that Lieut. White (one of Col. Birney's recruiting officers) was murderously assailed and shot dead, at Benedict, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, by an infuriated slaveholder, John H Sotheron by name, and his son! Shall not such men as these receive, at the hands of the government, the punishment due to their combined crime and treason? America's record will not be clean, honorable, or respectable, while one man, *owning another man or woman*, remains in her entire boundary.

Pardon, dear sir, the length of my letter. Let us *every one* work on—not one man's work, nor one woman's, can be spared—until the absolute extirpation of slavery from our soil is both decreed and accomplished.

SAMUEL MAY, JR.

### *LETTER FROM MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.*

*To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

I HAD intended to have come myself by this steamer, and told my story face to face, instead of lingering here until the Autumn leaves dropt themselves into the hollows

"To rustle to the eddying blast, and to the rabbits tread."

But it was not to be. Daughter Mary has had an attack of malarious fever, or as we should call it at the West, intermittent, and, though now convalescent, I find my arrangements a little behind-hand. I shall, however, if nothing mars my plans, be with you in New York by the 1st of November, and ready to enter the lecturing field, to tell my story to all who wish to hear, pleading the cause of oppressed humanity, whether it be black or white, as best I may.

Nothing pains me more than to take up the Northern newspapers, and to learn through those daily exponents of the thoughts and opinions of men, that there is, or can be, a doubt in any as to the great heart of the nation being right on this subject of emancipation.

To live here among the negroes, to mark from day to day how *human* they are, how every thought, feeling and action testifies against that greatest of all outrages of God's laws, chattel slavery. To read, as from the book of nature, the possibilities of the race, in their daily lives, is to put the idea of slavery so far away that one can scarcely believe that any sane mind can accept it or allow it to blacken for one hour the story, however above us, when contemplated with a view to its utter annihilation.

Believing I can, for a time, at least, do more good at the North than here, I leave this department and its interest not without regrets. Yet they are less than they would be did I not feel that there were hundreds ready and anxious to engage in the work, and to carry it forward more earnestly and energetically than I am able to do.

To my generous friends and helpers, whoever they may be, I shall render an account of my stewardship as soon as leisure hours offer.

The people of Paris Island have outgrown, in most cases, the need of charity except in school. They have good crops of corn and of sweet potatoes, and a trade of three or four thousand dollars since last January, has put many a good garment and comfortable appendage into the house and home, that will last till money is earned for more.

The necessity of keeping a store upon the Island is now in a great measure obviated, as the people have to take their fish, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, chickens, turkeys, and eggs over to Hilton Head, and as several now have boats, their purchases can be made there, and the drift of trade will find its way to those marts where there is the largest supply of merchandise kept. The little trade got up through the influence of THE STANDARD had its beneficial effects in teaching them how to trade, and to appreciate a good article. It could soon have been made a business sufficient for one person; and had already become burdensome to one whose duties in other directions required all their time.

The negroes are learning to hold their own with the sutlers, and demand prices for eggs and chickens as oppressive to pockets as do their antagonists.

"What do you mean by asking seventy-five cents a pair for such chickens as those, not as big as quails?" said a gent in shoulder-straps the other day to one of our men who cooly put his hands on his hips and replied:

"Habs to pay you's fifty cents a yard fur all homespun sok—can't possimly lep gwo for less."

There are times when we are all compelled to learn new lessons rapidly, and I assure you the contraband is not behind in acquiring knowledge.

But I must close. Permit me to say to your readers that my address will be 48 Beekman st. for a few weeks.

Yours truly, F. D. GAGE.

### *MR. FORSTER'S SPEECH AT LEEDS.*

WE shall look eagerly and with high expectations for the full report of the speech of Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P. for Bradford, recently made at Leeds. It was, says the London *Spectator* of Sept. 26, "the most temperate and judicious estimate of the real purpose and significance of the American war that has yet been delivered to any public assembly in England." From another article, in the same journal, we take the following, and regret our inability to give the whole:

Mr. Forster's speech at Leeds is one of the ablest, and will be one of the most effective yet uttered upon the American war. It is an effort, and a successful one, to justify the conviction entertained by enthusiasts by the arguments which appeal to statesmen who are without enthusiasm. No Northerner could desire to see his cause more lottily described than as "the struggle whether upon the continent of America the principle of slavery or the principle of freedom shall predominate"; no statesman will question that this, in the most restricted as well as the broadest sense, is a definite, practical end. Anti-slavery feeling may be, as it is the fashion to say, a "vague fanaticism," though it be one which for eight hundred years has, in one form or another, inspired all English effort; but "the predominance of freedom over a continent" is as definite a cause as that of "order," or "constitutional government," or "religious liberty," or any one of the hundred "cries" for which Englishmen have spent their lives, far more definite than that "balance of power" for which we are always fighting, or that "theory of nationalities" for which everybody seems always ready to fight. And that this is the cause for which, consciously, Northerners fight, their bitterest opponents do not affect to deny. The North may be honest or dishonest in the matter of abolition, may be willing to admit blacks to citizenship as Massachusetts has done, or to reënslave freemen as Ohio could, perhaps, be induced to do, without affecting this issue one jot. If the South wins the game, as it originally intended to win it—realizes, that is, the dream which in its evil magnitude imparts to Mr. Davis's broad intellect something of the enthusiast's depth, slavery will be the predominant power upon the North American continent. If the North wins the game, whether her stake be empire, or a boundary settled by herself, or only a treaty of which she arranges the terms, slavery will not be so predominant. No possible ingenuity of argument can evade that issue, and if that issue be not a practical one, what do politics mean, what is the sense or object of this conflict between the despotic, aristocratic, and democratic principles on which the world, from the day when the Thirty were expelled Athens, has wasted so much of its vital force? We fought through a civil war rather than submit permanently to the despotic principle; France desolated half her provinces, covered her cities with blood, and broke for ever with the past to be rid of the aristocratic one, both have repeatedly fought to repress the propagandist democracy known as the "Revolution," and what are all these causes, even in their direct political bearing, compared with that of freedom when openly pitted against the "sacred right" of slavery? It is nonsense to talk of slavery as if it affected only slaves. It affects also freemen, and means for them either perpetual political submission to a caste, or the perpetual fear of attacks directed with subtle skill, and supported with dauntless courage against the foundations of free society. Who in England blames Cavignac for declaring open war on men who marched on the Tuileries to overturn existing social order. Yet no dream which French workmen ever entertained, no theory Proudhon ever elaborated, would be so fatal to modern society as its surrender to men who declare its first principle—cynics say its only one—utterly false and bad. If Europe has a right to intervene for Poland—and it is only the expediency of intervention which is ever questioned—that right is based on the broader right of resisting acts fatal to civilization, and that, and infinitely more, is the justification of the North. Apart altogether from humanity, aside altogether from the internal dispute, beyond the right of self-preservation inherent in every organism, there stands the grand political question "whether upon the continent of America the principle of freedom or the principles of slavery shall predominate." Has a great war since the world began ever had greater issue?

## Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 25, 1863.

THE war goes on, but slowly. It would seem as if the armies in the field had turned Northward to gaze upon the great political contest in the free States to learn whether the people are determined or not that the war shall go on. The voice of Ohio, and of Pennsylvania, has been heard at Chattanooga, upon the Rappahannock, and now our armies can fight again, and win victories again, it is to be hoped. They have rested long enough—let them push on and see if it is not possible to drive the rebels still further South before they go into Winter quarters. I am safe in giving this advice, for it is the advice that the safe and cautious President has given to his generals within a few days.

Gen. Rosecrans has been removed since my last letter. The act has provoked comment, as one might have expected. Rosecrans was quite popular in the West, and indeed all over the country, and the sudden removal very naturally excited opposition at first in some quarters. The people of Ohio are not to be easily persuaded that Gen. Rosecrans is a coward, or drunkard. And to speak frankly it can't be possible that some men suppose him to be a coward. He has been tried too thoroughly before—he has been through too many battles to be accused at this late moment of cowardice. But it is true that at the battle of the Chickamauga he did not exhibit that brilliant generalship which he was reputed to possess. It *may* turn out to be true that Rosecrans is an opium-eater. I have seen intelligent gentlemen who were with him last Summer who assert very positively that he is an inveterate opium-eater. If so, I can believe anything of him.

Gen. Meade, too, is in hot water. So the story-tellers at the hotels say. The President has been lecturing his general, has had him up at the White House from the banks of the Rappahanock to talk over the October campaign in Virginia. That campaign is not satisfactory to the President, and Gen. Meade is urged to show a greater degree of vigor hereafter. How this matter will terminate it is impossible to predict. Many suppose that Meade will soon give way to Sedgwick. The history of the generals of the Army of the Potomac is a sad one and it is not pleasant to recur to it.

There was an interesting trial of a colored boy for the murder of a white lad in this city two or three days ago. It is a dangerous place for the trial of a colored man guilty of any offence against a white person, the prejudice of the natives are so strong against the colored race. In the case alluded to the colored boy and the white boy got into a quarrel and the black struck the white, and unexpectedly killed him. If the case had been reversed the grand jury would never have indicted him, as it was a colored boy who committed the offence he was brought in guilty of manslaughter. The counsel for the boy however told the jury some pretty plain things in the course of his argument. *The Star* says:

"Mr. Day, for the accused, charged that the citizens of Washington were prejudiced against the colored people. A black boy, he alleged, had thrown a snow ball at a white boy who had thrown at him first, and the latter had killed him, and yet the grand jury had never found a bill against him. It was a common occurrence, when the police were called to arrest white persons who were assaulting colored people, to arrest the latter because their assailants were white. It was too common a case, when a black man was carried before a magistrate, when he (the black man) was the assailed party, for the justice to impose a fine on him or send him to jail, simply because he is black. Some time since three men attacked a colored man, he said, before the residence of the Surgeon-General, and when the policeman was called, he did what more than half of the policemen in Washington would do—arrest the black man because he is black. This prejudice not only was common with individuals, but often entered the jury box, and sometimes it was enough for the jury to see the color of the prisoner in his box to ensure his conviction.

"He then reviewed the evidence, contending that there was none adduced to show that the blow killed the accused; it had not been testified that there was a mark on the body; there should have been a post mortem examination held upon the body. The deed, in his opinion, was committed in self-defence, and a verdict of acquittal should be rendered. He closed by urging the jury to throw aside all prejudices in making up their verdict."

The statement that last Winter a white lad murdered a negro boy and the grand jury took no notice of the offence is partially true. But District-Attorney Carrington could not permit these facts to go out without a reply and he therefore went into an elaborate defence of the people of this District.

"Mr. Carrington, the District-Attorney, closed the case. He repelled the imputations that had been cast on the citizens of Washington and Washington juries, as unjust. There was no more prejudice among us than in other cities. He would grant that there was secessionism in this place, and so there was in Baltimore and other places; and yet when the call was made for volunteers, and our city was in danger, our little District furnished more men than did any State in proportion to its population.

"The people of the District were an honest, high-minded people, and bowed with submission to the laws; and when the old courts were legislated out of existence, with Chief-Justice Dunlop at the head, they all regretted it, and some shed tears, but when the new judges came on they all received them with cordiality, and he would testify that they were worthy successors of the old judges."

Dunlop is a full-blooded copperhead. Some say that he is a rebel. It does not look well for a man who is appointed to office by Mr. Lincoln to chant the praises of semi-traitors, but it is the Missouri policy. Its end will be bitter, and I see no better way than to be patient and let time show the President his error. He is an honest man and will correct it when he sees it.

The Maryland slave-owners are very uneasy because Col. Birney will persist in enlisting slaves in that State. The second delegation has already been to see the President, and they claim that he promised them that there should be no more slave-enlistments in Maryland for ninety days. If they mean that Mr. Lincoln has promised that no slaves of willing masters shall be enlisted, I believe they lie, for the President is not crazy enough to assent to such an impudent demand. It would be to decide the case against the free and loyal mechanics of Baltimore, and in favor of the slave-masters of the pro-slavery Counties. The draft is impending in Maryland. If slaves can be enlisted, white mechanics can stay at home; if they cannot, the white men must go. The slaveholders, who are rich and can hire substitutes for their sons, say, "Let the mechanics be drafted, and let us keep our slaves!" but it does not look well for a Republican Administration to have anything to do with Maryland slaveholders. It should stand by loyal men everywhere, and should frown upon the disloyal. It will do so, I am confident, in Maryland. Mr. Lincoln is not always a plain, direct man. He indulges in his bits of diplomacy occasionally, and perhaps cheats an enemy by his apparent good nature. The slaveholders went away thinking that they had got the first Republican President pledged to their pro-slavery policy; but we can afford to wait and see if they were correct. I rather think we shall hear of Col. Birney's operations again in Maryland!

The President has given his answer to the Missouri Radicals—he is inclined to side with the "claybanks" rather than with the "charcoals," to use the amusing names which are given to parties in Missouri. The Blairs are at the bottom of this decision, though Mr. Lincoln is naturally a conservative. He will discover his mistake hereafter, and will rectify it, I am sure. It is a singular fact that the Missouri secessionists are coming up boldly to the aid of the "claybanks," expecting to rout the "charcoals." I dare say they will succeed. When the President has succeeded in overthrowing the Republicans of Missouri at the ballot-box we shall see what good or harm he has done. It is a very strange sight certainly. The Administration has just been straining every nerve to carry the elections in Ohio and Pennsylvania, even sending home troops to vote, to a small extent, yet in Missouri its influence is given to its political enemies! Why are Missouri Copperheads any better than Ohio Copperheads? We must wait patiently, for this matter will be set right hereafter. It is provoking, but it is a consolation to know that the President will listen to argument always, and that he will change his policy the moment he is convinced of the unsoundness of his position. The Missouri Radicals mismanaged their case in Washington sadly. They came on here threatening what they were going to do if Mr. Lincoln refused them their petition. Gen. Jim Lane did their cause no good. He is not a good man, I fear, though he has done good at times. The Blairs have managed the case of the conservatives with great tact, and has triumphed, partially, at least. Still the Radicals hope to carry the election for State Judges. The grand issue is that of slavery or no slavery in the State. The conservative judges will decide the Emancipation proclamation of no effect in cases of slaves escaping from Arkansas and other rebel States to Missouri. The Radical judges will doubtless soon render such decisions as will overthrow slavery in Missouri. The slaveholders know this, and hence their desperation. It should not be forgotten that on such an issue the President naturally leans towards the Gradual Emancipationists and against the Immediate Emancipationists. He was educated in this school, and cannot forget his early teachings. AVON.

☞ Our Philadelphia subscribers are entitled to THE STANDARD postage free. The postage has been prepaid at this office. All charges by carriers, therefore, should be resisted, and complaint made of the same either by note or otherwise, to Mr. Walborn, Postmaster, or Mr. Edwin Booth, chief clerk.

## "PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND."

THE Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society congratulate its members and friends that, through the madness, rebellion, and secession of the South, avowedly in behalf of its Heaven-accursed and world-abhorred slave system—involving the country in a civil war of the hugest proportions and the most sanguinary character, which still continues its desolating work—the constitutional powers of the Federal government are now ample to decree the immediate and total abolition of slavery. They believe that, as a measure of national peace and unity, of humanity and justice, such a decree should be passed by the ensuing Congress at as early a period in the session as practicable—thus not only sustaining the Emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln of January 1st, 1863, but also effectually disposing of that remnant of the slave institution which was exempted by the proclamation aforesaid, in such a manner as may seem most equitable and expedient by Congress.

The warrant for this procedure is to be found in the still greatly imperilled state of the republic, and in the legitimate functions of the government that may be exercised in such an alarming crisis. By common law, an individual has the right of self-defence by all means recognized by that law. In view of international law, a nation is an individual, and has the right of self-defence by all means recognized by that law; one of those means being the destruction of any dynasty or institution that imperils national life. Slavery has struck at the life of the nation, and declared its own existence incompatible with that of the nation. Hence the nation, acting through its official organs, has the right to abolish slavery throughout its dominions; and past events demonstrate alike the necessity and duty of exercising this right without delay and without compromise.

The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, therefore, deeply impressed with the importance of a general coöperation of the friends of impartial liberty at this time, in order to influence and secure the action of Congress in the manner described, hereby announce, that they have resolved to put forthwith into the lecturing field as many agents as the funds of the Society will warrant, whose sole work shall be to enlighten the public mind on this subject, stimulate to a wide-spread movement in favor of universal emancipation, and thus make the recurrence of another SLAVEHOLDERS' REBELLION an impossible event.

To sustain and increase the number of these agents, the Committee solicit the generous contribution and donations of all who desire to see the speedy suppression of the war, and in the fullest sense "LIBERTY AND UNION" made "ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

In furtherance of this patriotic and Christian object, the "Woman's Loyal National League" at New York has taken the field, in advance, to procure to a petition to the next Congress, for the total abolition of slavery, A MILLION OF SIGNATURES on the part of the loyal women of the republic. It deserves all possible encouragement and success, and we shall extend to it the heartiest coöperation. But let the loyal MEN be equally zealous and resolved to be as potentially heard in the same manner, by the same body. Let such a petition be sent to Congress from every city, town, village and hamlet in all the loyal States. No time is to be lost. "*One last, best effort now!*"

The Treasurer of the American Anti-Slavery Society is WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH, Esq., 8 Railroad Exchange, Boston, Mass. Donations may also be sent to OLIVER JOHNSON, Esq., Anti-Slavery Office, 48 Beekman street, New York, and to J. MILLER MCKIM, Anti-Slavery Office, 106 North Tenth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ Editors of newspapers, friendly to the object here announced, are respectfully requested to insert this announcement in their columns.

### *SPEECH OF HON. MARTIN F. CONWAY, OF KANSAS.*

THE following speech by Mr. Conway, delivered at Leavenworth, Oct. 17, is here printed because its author has been severely criticized, both by friends and foes, for holding what are alleged to be impracticable anti-slavery sentiments; and we always desire that such a man should be allowed to speak for himself.

Mr. Conway said that this was the first opportunity he had had of addressing a Kansas audience since the close of his Congressional term; he would therefore like to allude to some matters connected with that subject. It would be remembered that certain views expressed by him in Congress were objected to by some of his constituents. He was satisfied that this was the result of misconception. There could be no substantial difference of opinion between the people of Kansas and himself, in regard to the war, its object, or its conduct; he had been one of the people of the State from the time the first log cabin was laid upon its soil, and he knew them well enough to be perfectly certain on that point. It was not his present purpose to enter upon any review of his Congressional stewardship; that task should be reserved for another occasion. He owed it to the people of Kansas to set forth the reasons of his conduct as their Representative in the 37th Congress, and that obligation he would discharge. In due time he would meet his constituency in every part of the State, and enterchange views with them on all matters of public interest.

He was a Republican of the old school, as well as of the new, and cherished an abiding faith in the people. Newspapers might misrepresent; politicians might intrigue; rival aspirants might traduce and clamor; but the true representative, faithful to his duty and his convictions, and indifferent to selfish considerations, might come at last to the people and find his just reward.

His object in speaking to-night was to say a few words in the import of the recent elections. In his judgment the chief significance of these elections was that the North had attained a fixed and fundamental anti-slavery character, and there was no possibility of any further compromise or reconstruction, which should subvert this character, or allow one foot of soil to slavery within the jurisdiction of the American Union.

Most people suppose that the war was waged to secure the independence of the South. That certainly was true so far as the South itself was concerned; but he thought its chief effect so far had been to secure the independence of the North. At any rate he regarded the recent elections as demonstrating that the power so long exerted by the South in the North, was forever broken, and that henceforth the North constituted the nation, and was the arbiter of its own destiny, and the leading power on the continent.

The anti-slavery movement involved the accomplishment of two objects:

First: The development of the North into a distinct, independent national power.

Second: The conquest of the South by the North, and the supremacy of the American nation, thus regenerated, in shaping the destinies of the American continent.

The idea that this war was simply political—to establish the Union for the sake of a technical legal right of authority—was in his judgment an exceeding superficial and shallow view of the subject. The war was nothing of the kind; it might be nominally waged to put down the rebellion; but it was also and equally to make a revolution. It was to establish the North no less than to overthrow the South. No war for mere dominion could receive the support of the American people as does the present war. In this country we believe that the sanction of government is in the consent of the governed, and a war of subjugation, with no higher object than the exercise of power could not be carried on for any length of time. When, therefore, he heard any one say that this was simply a war to put down insurrection, and that when the insurrection was put down the seceded States would resume their former place in the Union, he was tempted to tell him that he doubted either the honesty of his sentiment or the capacity of his understanding.

The only sanction of this war—its inspiration and its power—was in the fact that its logical and inevitable issue was to make this an anti-slavery nation. If this were not its character it ought not to be tolerated a day.

The war was the anti-slavery movement in a new form, it was anti-slavery militant. The anti-slavery movement involved two stages: The one of peaceful agitation, and the other of war. The one was developed out of the other. These were the instrumentalities of national regeneration. This movement come forward as an agent to revolutionize and reorganize the American nation and put it on the side of justice and humanity.

The first step in this great work was not the conquest of the South—that was the last step. The first step was the conquest of the North by the anti-slavery idea, and this has been the struggle that has been going on all along. We have not conquered the South because we could not do it. We had too much of the South in the North. The South could not be conquered by anything less than the North in its absolute character. But although this was the ultimate aim, the operation of the revolution up to this time had been chiefly confined to making the North *the North*. How could the North break the South and assimilate it before it had a distinctive, absolute and antagonistic quality of its own.

We have seen this principle of regeneration progressing for years. This is what Garrison, and Philips, and Beecher, came into the world to minister to; and on the other hand it is what Douglas (blind instrument of fate) was impelled to help along in a manner entirely beyond his own comprehension, sagacious as he was in his little worldly way. This is what Seward spoke his noble speeches to attain—speeches which will hallow his memory in spite of later aberrations. This is what the undaunted and heroic Sumner has fought and suffered for, with a steadiness, a capacity and power beyond most other men.

I interpret the history of Kansas, also, in this light. We came to these distant plains to make homes and better our personal fortunes, as we fondly thought; but how many of us have made such homes as we expected? and whose fortunes have been improved? The hand of an unseen destiny was upon us! Our work was not the little work which we had laid out for ourselves; but a work tending to general ends. We came to open up this issue between the North and South—between freedom and slavery—and educate the North into an assertion of its own right. That is what we came for, although we did not know it at the time; and how gloriously have we fulfilled this mission.

The Free State party of Kansas was the first formal organization looking to Northern nationality and dominion on this continent. Here is where the issue was first practically joined. We contested with the South for the Territories out of which States were to be made, and we beat the South. An appeal was taken to the nation at large, and the Free State party developed into national proportions under the form of the Republican party; and the same question was tried by the nation, which had been tried in Kansas, and the North again beat the South. These were giant strides on the part of the North; but the goal was yet far distant.

I can see in the marvellous career of that old hero, John Brown, an instrumentality to the same end. He was thought to be insane. He attacked the State of Virginia with less then twenty men, and died on a Virginia scaffold; but his insanity was deep wisdom. I knew John Brown well, he was a most rational man; but with the spirit of a martyr. He understood the situation perfectly, and knew what he was about. I believe he was one of the chosen instruments of Providence. He saw what the North needed—he saw that i wanted to be brought out. The Republican party he found to be utterly insensible to the true idea. He saw the hideous visage of slavery even in *its* aspect. The Republican party, then the highest expression of Northern character, shrank from a face to face encounter with the South. It did about and made side issues. John Brown, alone and unaided, but panoplied in righteousness, cross d swords with slavery on its own ground, in the face of the world, and set an example to his country which excited it to its profoundest depths. It was not long after that his country followed the example he so heroically gave it.

It is manifest that the effect of the war, so far, has not been so much to conquer the South as it has been to crystalize the North. The progress in this direction has been exceedingly rapid. The Administration began by being more Southern than Northern. It started out with quite a pro-slavery programme, though not an ultra one. It proposed to restore the Union on the terms of the Constitution. It was making war simply to put down an insurrection. It sought very diligently to develop a Union party in the South; it promised ample protection to the rights of slaveholders; it gave the command of its armies to men who wanted to crush slave insurrections with an iron hand; it struck down Gen. Fremont for giving freedom to the slave; it permitted the government to be run in strict accordance with the views of the Kentucky delegation; in short, its whole effort seemed to be to head off the North, and to bring forward again the old order of things, with the slight difference of a change of representative men.

The Administration was evidently desirous of faithfully representing public sentiment, and in this respect was probably successful. The tide was only then setting in. The North was at that time probably quite as pro-slavery as the Administration itself; but how completely was this whole arrangement knocked to pieces by the resistless current of events. It may be truly said that if the war has not resulted in the overthrow of Jeff. Davis in the South, it has resulted in his overthrow in the North; and whether it is making the South independent or no, it has unquestionably insured the independence of the North.

We have not succeeded, as we first expected, in subduing the South [illegible] of all our inducements, slaveholders have been obdurate, and they have resisted our blandishments as well as our threats; and meeting us on the field of battle, instead of in the Senate Chamber, they have given us blow for blow.

Thus the North has held its own, and gone on conquering and to conquer. We hear no more about "the Union as it was" from the high places of the government; no more of the Union parties in the South; no more of the rights of slaveholders; no more of crushing out slave insurrections, no more of the Kentucky delegation.

On the contrary, the President capitulates and recognizes the independence of the North. He yields to the irresistible impulse of the new-born power; he proclaims the emancipation of all the slaves; he enrolls the negro in the national forces, and claims for him, under the law of nations, the rights of the soldier. He adopts the whole system of the North, as far as it has been developed. He thus confirms the revolution.

The course of events is now apparent. The first object of the anti-slavery movement is accomplished. The North is resolved into the nation, and the Southern element wholly eliminated from its system. Organized on its own distinctive ideas, and endowed with national faculties, it is now prepared to subdue to its own principle the adverse elements around it; but to fulfill its grand destiny it needs the rarest wisdom in council and the highest skill. Let us have faith that these will not be denied it.

We are thus furnished with a quick solution of the import of the recent elections. The Democratic was a reactionary party of the most ultra pro-slavery character. It was a Jeff. Davis party. It was willing to reinstate the South upon any terms whatever. Rather than give up the Southern connection, it would have taken the Confederate Constitution for the whole nation. If the new-born radicalism of the North was too strong for the temporizing programme of the conservative Republicans, how could it be supposed that there was the ghost of a chance for the unadulterated Southernism of Ohio Democracy? The Northern revolution had progressed too far—its waters had risen too high—there was no longer any dry ground in the North for the South to stand upon. Vallandigham and his crew found themselves in mid-ocean when they expected shallow water. Their frail bark foundered and carried them down, never to rise again. No public man can ever again receive the confidence of the people anywhere in this country, who does not faithfully represent the political system of the North; and this may be reckoned one of the lessons of the recent elections.

The defeat of the conservative Republicans in their measures to develop a Union party in the South on the one hand, and of the Vallandigham Democracy in their effort to carry the elections on an ultra pro slavery platform, on the other, renders the issue for the future an exceedingly simple one. Conciliation or compromise in any shape is forever condemned and repudiated.

The North and the South stand now face to face, each in its own distinctive character and form—the one as the United States, and the other as the Confederate States—the one representing freedom, the other slavery—waging war for the mastery of the continent. It is now an issue of force. We can only speculate upon the vicissitudes of this great conflict; but as to the ultimate result, in the Providence of God, no loyal American, no Christian man, can entertain a moment's doubt. The nation must triumph, and reclaim, for the purposes of its own high civilization, every foot of territory embraced within its original jurisdiction. Then will be realized the noble vision of Secretary Chase, "when this Republic of ours will be reëstablished from the Gulf towards the Pole, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, based upon freedom and free labor, gathering strength from our present contest, and rising from it grander than ever." This is the consummation which will alone suffice—this the prayer to which every patriot heart will respond with a fervent amen.

Mr. Conway then proceeded to consider the position of the seceded States in relation to the Union. He said that the seceded States should be regarded as foreign territory. The next principle of action which should be adopted was for the nation to assume the sovereignty of all territory conquered by its arms. There was some diversity of views upon this point, and many of our friends were in doubt, but it ought not to be so. This principle is part of our system and must prevail. Its correctness as a matter of good law, and its necessity as a matter of sound policy, could not but be apparent to all who comprehended the true condition of affairs.

It is said that we cannot conquer a State of the Union and govern it as territory. True enough; but this is not what was proposed to be done. The seceded States were not states of the Union any more than the State of San Salvador was such. We could conquer and govern the latter as well as the former. We might wish to do both in course of time. The truth is, the North and South are separate public bodies; the one is an established nation, recognized as such by the civilized world. The other is a belligerent power, also recognized as such by the same authority—both standing on an equality for the time being, and governed in their intercourse with each other by the law of nations.

If the seceded States were States of this Union, their relations with us would be governed by the terms of the Federal Constitution; but they are not, and this settles the controversy—there can be no doubt about it; and there is where the North must stand. Political union between the North and the South is dissolved. The war had brought out the North, but had not brought in the South; consequently the two bodies were separate and mutually independent. Yet this involved no surrender by the nation of its right of jurisdiction—that right could only be divested by the consent of the nation itself. Nobody would believe that the Union had been dissolved these two and a half years, and yet the seceded States had been practically separated from the Union during that time.

Mr. Conway contended that this view of the case necessarily followed from the theory that the North becoming the national power on a basis of freedom, was destined to incorporate the South into itself. The two ideas were parts of one system. The first proposition was to divorce the North from the South, and permit it to organize itself on its own idea. This had been done. The next proposition was, that the North should assimilate the South on that idea. This was yet to be done, but it could only be accomplished by reducing the seceded States to territorial possessions and rebuilding their political fabrics upon new foundations.

### *OBITUARY.*

MILLER PIERCE, after a long illness, departed this life on Thursday evening, Oct. 15th, in the 47th year of his age. He had been a member of Shiloh Presbyterian Church in this city more than twenty-seven years. He enjoyed the fullest confidence of the members, and served by their choice as one of the Trustees, and as Chairman of the Board a number of years. As a Christian gentleman, he was a pattern to all who knew him. He was alike clear-headed and straightforward.

His faithful wife has been the mother of six children but they were all taken to the spirit land before the father. His spirit is at rest in God's eternal sanctuary. Peace rest upon his memory. Z.

THERE IS NO EXCUSE for those who drag their weary and disordered bodies into our company

# Miscellaneous Department.

## "BURIED WITH HIS NIGGERS."

"When the body of Col. ROBERT G. SHAW was asked of those rebels in the midst of whom he fell, it was replied: "He is buried with his niggers."

BURIED with a band of brothers
Who for him would fain have died;
Buried with the gallant fellows
Who fell fighting by his side.

Buried with the men God gave him,
Those whom he was sent to save;
Buried with the martyred heroes,
He has found an honored grave.

Buried where his dust so precious
Makes the soil a hallowed spot;
Buried where, by Christian patriot,
He shall never be forgot.

Buried in the ground accursed,
Which man's fettered feet have trod;
Buried where his voice still speaketh,
Appealing for the slave to God.

Fare thee well, thou noble warrior,
Who in youthful beauty went
On a high and holy mission,
By the God of battles sent.

Chosen of Him, "elect and precious,"
Well didst thou fulfil thy part;
When thy country "counts her jewels,"
She shall wear thee on her heart.

Lemnot, Mass. ELIZABETH B. SEDGWICK.

—*Evening Post.*

## LADY COURTHOPE'S TRAP.

"THERE is a storm gathering over the Beacon Hill; the air is heavy with thunder. Surely, Richard, it were better even now to let your journey rest until to-morrow."

The tall, bronzed knight, standing booted and spurred, with his hand upon his horse's mane, turned to look in the fair, anxious face of the lady by his side.

"And if the storm should come, do you think, my sweet wife, that Dick Courthope has never ridden through wind and rain before, or that, for fear of a wetting, I could break my pledge to meet Philip Orme this night at Chester? No, no. Only let me find you watching for me here at noon to-morrow, with those same pink cheeks and bright eyes, and I shall reck little whether I ride in sunshine or in shower. So, now, dear one, farewell, and my God bless you"; and springing into the saddle, the good knight waved a last adieu, and trotted away down the long avenue.

His young wife's blue eyes followed his retreating figure with a wistful gaze, until he halted at the great iron gates, and passing through was hidden from her view; then, slowly turning, she remounted the steps that led up to the door of Ashurst Manor-house. The gloomy red brick walls seemed to frown upon her as she entered, the stained glass window in the hall threw a purple tint upon her face, and made it almost ghastly, and the oak floor gave back a hollow echo to her tread. Just then, a door at the further end of the hall was softly opened, and Marston, the old Butler, advanced towards her. Old he was in service, for he had lived for more than thirty years at Ashurst Manor, at first the page and playfellow, then the confidential servant and friend of his master, Sir Richard; yet not old in years, for he was under fifty, his black hair was still untouched with gray, and there were few wrinkles in his hard keen face. He stopped near Lady Courthope, glanced quickly at her, hesitated a moment, and then said in a respectful but constrained tone: "Surely, my lady, Sir Richard will not ride to Chester on such a day as this?"

The lady looked up as though surprised at his addressing her. "Yes," she said, "he has just started. He laughs at the weather, but I ——"

"There will be little cause to laugh if the storm comes, and the river is swollen," Marston exclaimed, abruptly. "You will see him back yet, my lady, ere night."

"Nay, he must needs be in Chester this evening," Lady Courthope made answer, as, stifling a sigh, she passed on to the drawing-room.

The Butler looked after her. "She would have us believe that she cares for him, forsooth. He believes it. He has only eyes and thoughts for her; old friends, old times, are all forgotten now. Once he would have told me all about this Chester journey, but now that waxen doll bears all his plans, and hardly deigns to speak of them to me. But I have learned all I have cared to know—Sir Richard *must* be in Chester this night."

In the long, low drawing-room, the twilight had already set in, though it was but four o'clock on a November afternoon; the huge fire had burned low, and the heap of glowing fagots shed a weird light on the mirrors and pictures on the walls, while the high-backed chairs, and carved tables cast strange, uncouth shadows all around, as the lady made her way to the cushioned window-seat, and gazed out on the stormy sky. "He rides fast; his horse is sure footed; the distance is not great," murmured she to herself. "Why is this dread upon me, this terrible foreboding of some coming evil?" She looked back into the darkening room, and started as a half-burned log fell with a crash upon the hearth. A longing came over her to hear again her husband's blithe voice, to see his fond glance, to have him there beside her; and then gradually her thoughts wandered away from this sombre old mansion to another, far away at Kensington, alive with gay young voices, smiling faces, and where her voice and her face had only eight months since been the gayest and the brightest; for she had been a cherished daughter of that house until Sir Richard Courthope wooed and won her, and brought her here to be mistress of his Cheshire home. Tenderly she recalled the young brothers and sisters, the loving parents of her happy maiden days, and wondered if they yet missed her, and might perhaps be speaking of her even then; till all at once her fancy took another turn, and she felt as though her fond remembrances were treason to the absent husband, who was far dearer to her than any of that merry party. She would shake off this strange sadness which had crept upon her. With a sudden impulse she sprang up, stirred the glowing embers into a blaze, and sitting down beside her harpsichord, began a low, soft air; then her mood changed, and the full notes of some martial air rang out into the room. Once she paused when Marston entered, bearing the tall, silver candlesticks, and as the music died away, she heard the beating of the rain against the casement, and the howling of the wind among the trees. A minute she listened, and then her fingers touched the keys again. "The storm has come, my lady." It was Marston who spoke. She had thought him gone, but he was standing close beside her chair. "Sir Richard can never pass Craven Ford to-night," he went on.

"What will he do?" and she looked round with startled eyes.

"He may make for home, but I fear, my lady; and had I your leave, I would ride out to meet him with a lantern. The night is as black as pitch, and one false step by the roadside would be death." He spoke low, and there was a strange eagerness in his tone and in his face.

"Go, pray go!" she exclaimed, her voice trembling with anxiety; "and yet—might you not send Stephen in your stead?" She knew not why she asked that question, she only knew that some vague feeling prompted it.

Marston's brow darkened. "He is a stranger to the country, while I have lived here from my childhood. He does not even know the road, while I have ridden along it hundreds of times by night and day. But be it as you will, my lady."

"Go yourself," she once more repeated; "lose not a moment! Heaven send you may be there before Sir Richard."

The man turned silently to obey her orders, but as he reached the door he looked round, and for an instant his eye met hers—only for an instant; but there was something in that one glance so peculiar, so sinister, that she almost shuddered. Ere she could recover her first shock, ere she could speak or think, he was gone. What did it mean? She had long known that he bore her no good-will, that he regarded her as an intruder in her husband's house, and that he bitterly resented the stern rebukes, and even threats, with which his master had visited his occasional disrespect to her. She had known this long, but never had his dislike been written so plainly in his face as now. Could he be plotting harm? Should she follow him and countermand his going? For thirty years Marston had served Sir Richard faithfully—surely he would not now be false to him. That cliff-path might indeed be feared, but not the old and trusted servant. So she waited, till in less than half an hour she heard his horse's hoofs crashing on the garden walk. She did not hear something else; she did not hear his muttered words, as he glanced up at the lighted windows of the drawing-room: "She would have stopped me had she dared, but she cannot stop me now. There will be a heavy reckoning this night for the scorn she has made Sir Richard heap upon me," and his teeth were ground with something like a curse.

Lady Courthope, sitting thoughtfully beside the fire, her eyes fixed upon the leaping flames, her hands lying idle in her lap, was left undisturbed till nearly two hours later, Stephen came to tell her supper waited. She asked him as she rose if the storm still raged. "It has passed, my lady, and the sky is clear." She went to the window and drew aside the curtain. The dark clouds were gone, and in their stead the moon shone bright on wood and hill. Marston's journey would be needless; Sir Richard would be safe now. She heaved a deep sigh of relief, and with a light step went her way to the supper-room.

The evening wore away; the great clock over the stables had long since struck nine, and the hands were nearing ten, when Lady Courthope, throwing a cover over the embroidery that had occupied her since supper, retired to her own chamber for the night. It was a large, lofty room in the west wing of the building, remore from the staircase, and at the further end of a long corridor which opened by side-doors into several unused rooms. But the young bride had chosen it rather than any other, for she knew her husband had lived in it and loved it, and that long ago, it had been his mother's room. The high mantel-piece with its curious carvings, the ceiling decorated with strange pictures of nymphs and Cupids, the antique furniture, and the tall, canopied bedstead gave a quaint and sombre aspect to the chamber; but to-night the fire roared and crackled on the hearth, and flashed upon the yellow damask draperies, and the candles burning upon the dressing-table, lit up every corner. As Lady Courthope entered, her maid came forward from a door on the opposite side of the room, which led into a small dressing-room.

"Have you been waiting long, Hester?" the lady exclaimed, noting the girl's weary eyes. "You look sadly tired."

"I have but just come in, my lady. Anne and I have been in the work-room all the evening, and 'tis that makes my head ache so."

"Poor girl!" said her mistress pityingly; you have been more used to milking cows than stooping over needle-work. But cheer up, Hester, and it will seem more easy in time. Have the others gone to rest?"

"All but Stephen, my lady; I heard him cross the hall just now."

"Tell him he need not keep watch for Sir Richard. He is, I trust, ere now, safe in Chester. He must have forded the river while it was yet passable."

"Or if the stream were swollen, my lady, he had but to ride down to the old stone bridge below father's house," the girl said quietly.

"The bridge—I heard of no bridge!" exclaimed Lady Courthope.

"'Tis by the old priory—a matter of three miles round maybe; but Sir Richard knows it well."

"And Marston said nothing about it," said her mistress musingly.

"He said nothing of the ford," Hester answered; "he only said he was going to ride after Sir Richard."

"He has not come back?" Lady Courthope asked abruptly.

"O no, my lady; he told us that if he did not meet Sir Richard, he should stay at the Golden Horn till morning."

"I gave him no such leave"; and there was surprise and resentment in Lady Courthope's tone. A long silence followed, while the maid moved softly to and fro, assisting her mistress to undress, till, as she brought the taffeta dressing-gown and velvet slippers, Lady Courthope said kindly: "That will do; I can brush my own hair for this night. Now go, and sleep off your headache."

The maid lingered a while, but at a second bidding she withdrew, thankful to be released. Lady Courthope followed to secure the door; then returning, she drew an armchair close to the fire, and leaning back in it began to unfasten her shining braids of hair. With her fingers moving dreamily among the golden tresses, as they fell around her lovely face, she sat thinking of many things; she thought of her husband, who seemed closer to her heart for that very difference of age which had made many marvel at the marriage; she thought of his tender indulgence towards her faults, of his almost fatherly care, of his sympathy in all her pains and pleasures, and yet of the manly care and respect with which he treated her—of the perfect confidence with which he, the man of forty-five, showed in the wife more than twenty years younger than himself. And then she pictured the coming years, and the time when his hair should be white, and his now upright figure bent, and when she in turn should show her love and gratitude by her unwearied care—when she should forestall his every wish, and make his declining age so happy, that he should never regret his youth; and when to—and her cheek flushed at the thought—young children, bearing in their faces a mingled likeness to them both, might perchance be about them, making the house, so quiet now, ring with laughter from morn till night; and as that picture rose before her, she yearned to lay her head upon her husband's breast, and whisper it to him.

It was strange to be here, far from him. If she could but leave this lonely, silent room, and mount her horse, and gallop through the darkness to that lone inn at Chester. The vague dread was coming back to her again. The fire was dying down, the room seemed darker, and a cold chill crept over her frame. The dread grew. The ivory brush upon her knee slid down, and fell with a dull, heavy sound upon the floor; she stooped hastily to reach it, but as she raised her head, all veiled by her long drooping hair, she saw, away by the window in the furthest corner of the room, a bony hand grasping the fringed edge of the damask curtain, and a white eager face peering from behind it, intently watching her. One instant—and the curtain fell to again softly, silently, and that face was gone. But she had seen it, and she knew it. Not six hours ago, that same look of hatred and revenge had been turned upon her, and with a shrinking horror she recognized the fierce eyes, the lowering brows, and knew at last what that look meant. She did not start or cry. Her pulses throbbed wildly, her very blood was chilled; but she sat on, calmly, quietly. She had trembled at the bare thought of peril to her husband, but now in her own fearful danger she was brave and steadfast. Her icy hand still toyed with her bright hair, her eyes were bent vacantly upon the dying embers, and there was no outward sign of the tumult within; and yet she knew and understood all. Marston was there close by her. His night journey had been but a feint to hide his deadly purpose and screen himself. He had stolen back in the darkness, and hidden there to wait for her, and—murder her. And he might murder her. Here alone in this locked room, how could she escape him? If she fled, if she could even gain the gallery outside, it would avail her little. Long, long before she could pass those deserted rooms, before her voice could summon any one to her aid, he would be upon her, his fingers at her throat. And there came across her a strange memory of how one Summer day she had seen him standing on the garden terrace twisting in his hands a piece of rope—how he wound it round and round until the strained fibres were stiff and rigid, and how then his iron fingers were bent for one more effort, and when the last turn was given, the rope was left hanging idly on his arm. A strange thing to recall at such a time as this, stranger still that she should almost shudder in recalling it. What, it rising from her chair, she were to go straight to that window, and drawing back the curtain, confront him there, and in her husband's, in his master's, name, appeal to him for pity? Ah, no; that name from her lips would but inflame his jealousy and hate. She raised her eyes, and they rested on something bright and glittering, something which just then seemed almost a friend; for there above the chimney-piece, within reach of her hand, hung her husband's rapier. She might seize it, and with one wild dash, stab her enemy ere he could free himself from those concealing folds; but her woman's soul shrank from that deed even in this her dire extremity. In that upward glance, another thought had come into her mind—her dressing-room! The door stood open, not ten paces from her. Once locked in there but alas! there was neither bolt nor bar, and the key turned on the outside. Her heart almost sank within her. Already she seemed to hear stealthy steps on the floor behind, around her, to feel his hot breath upon her cheek; and still she sat on quietly. Was there no escape for her? Once again her eyes fell upon the open door of the dressing-room.

There are moments of life when every power of the mind is unnaturally strained, and when ideas and plans which at another time might be the work of weary hours, were formed in one short instant. Such a moment came to lady Courthope now. As she looked on the dressing-room door and the key on the outside, a scheme flashed across her mind, bringing back the life-blood to her cheek, sending fresh hope to her heart. If she could but decoy him into that room—decoy him as she had seen birds and dogs decoyed by some tempting bait. She has a bait. He has come for his revenge, but she knows there is another passion strong in him, and that passion is avarice. Often has seen his eyes' brighten at the touch of gold; often has Sir Richard laughingly said that the one fault of his old and faithful servant was the love of money; and now, if through that love she can beguile him *first* to the dressing-room, she may yet be saved. The part before her was hard and perilous, but she could trust herself to play it. She knew that if her nerve once failed, her doom was sealed, but the brave young heart did not quail. Slowly and deliberately she fastened up her hair, then rising from her seat, threw fresh logs upon the fire, and crossing the room laid her brush upon the dressing-table. Some books were lying there; she took up one of them, turned the leaves carelessly, then throwing it down, exclaimed in a low tone: "Too tired to read, and yet not tired enough to go to sleep; I wish the night were over." She yawned wearily, waited a moment, as though in doubt, then mutter: "By-the-bye, these emeralds," took a bunch of keys from the table, and went towards a small ebony cabinet inlaid with silver which stood near the fire-place. Her voice had not faltered. No tone could have betrayed that see had seen the crouching figure, and that her words were spoken for those listening ears; and now she must constrain her limbs to calm, slow movements to bear out the deception.

She unlocked the cabinet, and from one corner drew out a small satin-wood box—her jewel-box; laying it on the floor beside her, she stooped to arrange two other boxes which she had displaced, and then fastening the cabinet, returned to the dressing-table, and lifted one of the lighted candlesticks. With the box in one hand, and the candlestick and keys in the other, she advanced toward the dressing-room door. Just as she reached it, a board behind her creaked sharply and suddenly, and her heart stood still. Was he following her, tempted too soon by the costly prize? Was the moment come? No; all was again still and silent as the grave. She went on, on to the further end of the long narrow dressing-room, leaving the door still set wide. She put the jewel-box and candlestick upon the table; she stood where her every movement might be seen from the dark corner where he was hiding, and then unfastening the box, she laid out the various trays, and spread the glittering trinkets all round her. One by one she lifted them, holding them close to the light, moving them to and fro, so that the precious stones would sparkle in the blaze, and then carefully polishing them, put them back. For nearly half an hour she stood now trifling with one, and then with another, her fingers busied in rubbing and arranging, her ear strained for any sound, her heart leaping as the candle threw sudden shadows on the walls; and still there was no movement in the dim chamber beyond. She must return there now, for she could stand no longer; her knees would scarcely support her; her strength seemed ebbing, and that forced composure was too terrible to last. For one-half instant she paused to gather breath, then with a weary sigh, she laid aside the bracelet she was holding, and raising her candle, she moved towards the bed-room. On the threshold she stopped, retreated a step or two, and seemed to hesitate. If she had seen how at that instant the hand behind the curtain was tightening its grasp upon the knife it held, and the crouching form was making ready for a spring—if she had seen this, even her courage might have failed, but she did not see it, and she played out the play. Murmuring in a low, steady tone: "No matter for to-night," she came on into her chamber, leaving the jewels scattered about on the table, and the door standing open. And now the trap was set, and she might rest and watch.

Hastily extinguishing the lights, she drew aside the bed-curtains, and lay down. There was a strange repose after that long and fearful self-restraint in lying motionless in the fitful firelight, her aching limbs stretched out, her weary head resting on the pillow—a strange repose, even though *he* was so near her. The minutes passed away, the deep tones of the clock struck out twelve, and still all was quiet, save for the click of the embers on the hearth, and the distant baying of the dogs in the courtyard. With closed eyes, drawing deep breath as though asleep, she lay listening. It seemed as if she had lain there many hours, when at last there was a faint stir in that corner. He was coming out now. She dared not look or move, but she heard—she heard the dull fall of the curtain, the stealthy, cautious footsteps on the floor. Was he going to the dressing-room? No—Heaven help her—he was coming to her bed. The steps came on, nearer, nearer; something brushed against the bed-clothes, then stopped close behind her. Her eyes were closed, her breath still came through her parted lips, but within that statue-like form there was a human soul praying in mortal anguish for pardon for herself, and comfort for her widowed husband. A pause—then another slight movement. He was bending over her; his hand was pressing the pillow; then something cold and sharp was lightly laid across her throat. The last pang had come, and she had no power now to move or cry. One moment more, and she would be at peace. But the moment had passed, and she still lived. Another moment, and that cold pressure was gone. His breath was no longer on her face, yet he was still there; she felt him stirring; she knew that he was watching her. Long he watched, then, muttering, low; "My hand shakes; I'll wait a while," he turned away. She heard him turn, she heard his footsteps slowly receding from the bed, but the sound brought no relief; she was past that; she had felt the death-pangs, and she almost longed that the knife had done its work; and brought her release from that long torture; but the end had not come yet. He was going to the dressing-room. Once, twice he stopped, as though listening, then he went on again; and now he was moving something on the dressing-table. There was a faint rattle, a dead pause, then again that stealthy tread. She strove to open her eyes, but they seemed sealed, and it needed a convulsive effort to unclose them. She *did* unclose them and she saw him.

The room was very dark now, but by the faint glimmer of the fire, she could just discern the door-way of the dressing-room, and the figure standing within it. The trap had taken—the jewels had lured him. He turned his head, and her lids fell instantly, though she lay hidden in the deep shadow of the heavy bedstead. When she looked again, he was standing where she had stood an hour ago. There was a light in the dressing-room, for he held a blazing match in his hand, and a candle burned upon the table by his side. She could see him plainly now, his tall square form, his long arms, but not his face, for his back was turned towards her. Casting away the burned match, he bent over the table and softly swept the jewels toward him. This was her time. It would be but the work of two minutes for him to gather all together, and return to her. She knew that in those two minutes lay her only chance, the chance for which she had so longed. But she seemed spell-bound. That frightful moment when the steel had touched her neck had paralyzed her powers, and an unspeakable horror was upon her. She struggled with that horror; she thought of her husband, of all to whom her life was precious, and with one inward prayer for strength, for courage, slipped noiselessly on to the floor. He had not heard her; his head was still bent; his fingers were still busy with the jewels. Barefooted, her eyes still fixed upon his figure, she stole on, softly groping her way to the door, past the end of the bed, by the dressing-table; she was close upon it now, her hand was stretched out to grasp it—there were but two more steps to take, when her foot struck with a dull sound against an unnoticed stool, and she stumbled; she recovered herself instantly; but faint as the noise was, his ear had caught the sound, and he turned and saw her. For one moment they stood face to face gazing upon each other, and then they both made for the door. She was the nearer of the two, and she was there first; she had hold of it; she pushed it to, but ere she could turn the key, his fingers were upon the other handle. It was a struggle for life and death, between a strong man and a desperate woman. It could not last long. Inch by inch the door was yielding to his pressure, when gathering all her strength for one last effort, with a power beyond her own, she forced it home. It closed; the key rattled round in the lock, and with a wild hoarse scream she fell back upon the floor. She was still conscious; she heard him beating the strong oak panels in his vain fury; she heard his passionate imprecations; and after a while other sounds, too, reached her ear—hurrying feet in the gallery, many voices outside her door. That piercing cry had roused every sleeper in the house, and they were all gathered there now, entreating admittance; she rose, she tottered across the room, and let them in; and as they came around her, gazing horror-stricken at her wild eyes, her blanched lips, she panted out her tale, ever pointing to that inner door; then laying her head on Hester's shoulder, and moaning out, "O husband, save me," swooned away.

It was still early on the morning of the self-same day, when Sir Richard, followed by a groom, galloped up the beech avenue. The white autumn mist hung like a shroud over the park, the golden leaves fell in showers around him, but he noted them not, as with spur and whip, he urged on his flagging steed. His ruddy face was pale as death—his teeth were set in dread anxiety, for he knew all. They had sent to summon him, and since he left Chester he had not once drawn rein. He was here at last, at his own door, and throwing himself off his exhausted horse, he flung the reins to his servant, and sprang up the steps. No wife was there to welcome him. All was still and quiet. Without—the dewy grass, the red sun struggling through the mist, the falling leaves. Within—the dark old hall, the servants sadly watching for him, and low sounds of weeping. He looked from one to another, then his parched tongue slowly formed the words: "Where is she?" They led him to the room where she was lying; but when he knelt beside her, and pressed his quivering lips upon her feverish brow, she only greeted him with a wild laugh, and gazing at him vacantly, began again her miserable, rambling talk of emeralds and keys, lonely rooms and glittering knives. For a while he lingered, looking down upon her haggard face, softly stroking her tangled hair, then unable to endure it longer, hurried away. They wanted him elsewhere, for Marston was still in the house, and had asked to see him. But Sir Richard shook his head; he dared not trust himself just now near that man; let them carry him far away from his sight. There was nothing fresh to hear, for Marston had already told all—how his first dislike had deepened into deadly hatred, and how, finding that Sir Richard would be absent, he had resolved to wreak his hatred, enrich himself, and flee; how, feigning that night journey, and leaving his horse some three miles of, he had returned unseen to the house. He had thought to do the deed, and then escaping with what treasure he might find, be far upon his way to London before morning broke. His horse was fleet; the servants thought him at Chester; and long before suspicion could have turned upon him, he would have been safe. Doggedly and calmly he spoke of all this, and now bade them to bring Sir Richard there to hear what his neglect and harshness had brought about. They carried him bound hand and foot to Chester, where three months later, dogged and calm as ever, he was sentenced to a life-long exile. Many days went by, and still Sir Richard, ever watching by his wife, met only those vacant eyes, heard only that weary, ceaseless muttering. At length she knew him—at length, when weeks had come and gone, she came from her sick chamber, and leaning on his arm, crept down to the drawing-room. She had last left that room a bright-haired bride, radiant with health and beauty; she entered it again gray-haired and feeble, trembling at every sound, clinging to her husband's arm for protection and support. And when years had passed away, and the roses had returned to her cheeks, the sparkle to her eye—and when the fair children she had dreamed of, clustering round her knee, looked up into her face, and marvelled at those silvery locks, then she would hush them with fond words and tender kisses, but never spoke to them about that night—never again trod that gallery, never again entered that room.—*Chambers's Journal.*

## THE LOVED AND LOST.

"THE loved and lost!" Why do we call them lost
Because we miss them from our onward road?
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crost,
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost; they are within the door
That shuts out loss, and every hurtful thing—
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God himself their Lord, and Judge, and King.

And this we call a "loss"; O selfish sorrow
Of selfish hearts! O we of little faith!
Let us look round, some argument to borrow
Why we in patience should wait the morrow
That surely must succeed this night of death.

Ay, look upon this dreary desert path,
The thorns and thistles wherso'er we turn;
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath!
What struggles and what strife the journey hath!
They have escaped from these; and lo! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,
Who, with his treasures, strove the shore to reach,
While with the raging waves he battled on,
Was it not joy where every joy seemed gone,
To see his loved ones landed on the beach?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
A little child, had halted by the well
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey passed, they longed to dwell.

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,
Drew near, and looked upon the suffering twain,
Then pitying spake, "Give me the little lad;
In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad,
I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make an answer selfishly and wrong—
"Nay, but the woes I feel he too must share."
O rather, bursting into grateful song,
She went her way rejoicing, and made strong,
To struggle on since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise! death hath made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust,
No outward sign or sound our ears can reach,
But there's an inward, spiritual speech
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust:

It bids us do the work that they laid down—
Take up the song where they broke off the strain;
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

—*Church of England Magazine.*

## CURIOSITIES OF THE ENGLISH VOCABULARY.

THE remarkable, and in some instances extreme, changes of meaning which most of our English auxiliary verbs have undergone, form a curious and instructive chapter in the history of language. I *may* meant originally "I am able"; I *can* was equivalent to "I know"; I *must* signified "I have leisure and opportunity"; I *ought* was synonymous with "I owned"; and I *shall* was a confession of homicide.

All these auxiliaries have this in common, that they are defective verbs—that is to say, they are but fragments of others which were complete in all their moods and tenses. Of their whole class, only *be, have,* and *will* possess an infinitive mood. We can say "to will a thing," but we cannot say "to can," "to must," "to may"; and "you didn't ought to do that" is a ludicrous vulgarism. It is not an unreasonable surmise that this defect in form implies a corresponding defect or limitation of meaning. It may be conjectured beforehand that I *may*, I *must*, I *can*, lost in becoming auxiliaries something of the import they had previously borne, and acquired something of a secondary meaning in its stead. Inquiry will show that this hypothesis is not altogether unfounded.

*Will*, when used as an auxiliary verb, is distinguished from the majority of its class by continuing to convey, at least to English minds, if not to those of Irishmen and Scotchmen, the idea which belonged to it from the first—that of volition. It is quite otherwise with I *may* and I *might*, two tenses of a verb, which still remain complete in the kindred language of Germany, and which meant originally "to have might," "to be able." We now use these words only to signify a possible contingency or a permissive freedom of action. *Can, ken* and *know* are but various forms of the same primitive word, from which *cunning* is an offset, and cunning was of old synonymous with knowledge or knowing. Now, as knowledge is power, and as men had become more or less conscious of the fact long before that celebrated maxim was framed, *can* and *could* came insensibly to take the place from which *may* and *might* were seceding. First, they had signified simply the possession of knowledge; next, they asserted the power derived from that possession; and finally, their import was power alone—power in the abstract, from whatever source derived. The change has proceeded further with the corresponding word in German, for in that language *kann* (can) has assumed the meaning of possible contingency which we assign to *may*. A German gentleman was travelling in a gig with an expert English whip, and was greatly alarmed at the apparently reckless pace at which his companion drove down the steepest hills. "Stop! stop! my friend," he cried, "we can break!" He meant, "We may be smashed."

It is notorious what vagaries are played with *shall* and *will* "ayont the Tweed"; but it has never been noticed in print that *must* is used from the Tweed to the Tyne and the Tees in a sense which is not attached to it elsewhere. A lady of one of the northern counties, on hospitable thoughts intent, says to her visitor from London, "What *must* I get you, Mr. Smith? *Must* I make you a cup of tea or a glass of whiskey and water? I am afraid you are cold; *must* I have a fire lighted?" Mr. Smith, of course, thinks he has no choice but to decline services which are offered in terms apparently so ungracious and forbidding. Afterwards, when he has become more familiar with the local phraseology, he is aware that in Northumberland and Durham *must* very commonly does duty for *may* or *shall*. The perfect verb of which it is a remnant still exists in the languages of Germany, Holland, and Scandinavia. It meant originally, to have free scope and leisure to do a thing, and thence to be able to do it. Now, when once it is perceived that there is room for a thing which is in any way desirable, people are apt to jump to the conclusion that the thing is necessary, and that some one is bound to do it. Thus it was that the verb in question finally arrived at the meaning which it bears to this day, wherever it is current, except in Northumberland and Durham, where its popular acceptation is still very nearly the same as that which belonged to it at the outset. *Mussen* is the German *must*, and in that language the cognate word *musse* still means "leisure." Both are related to the English word *muse*.

*Ought* is the old preterite of the verb to *owe*. It was formerly synonymous with the new preterite *owed*, and continued to be used in place of it occasionally as late as the time of Dryden. In Shakspeare's "King Henry VI.," iii. 3, the passage occurs—"He . . . . . said this other day that you ought him a thousand pounds." Widely as they now differ in meaning, *owe* and *own* are undoubtedly but different forms of the same word. A modern Yorkshireman says, "Who owes this?" that is, to whom does it belong, who owns it; and Shakspeare uses both forms in the same sense. Thus, in "Twelfth Night," at the close of the first act—

"Fate show thy force; ourselves we do not *owe*;
What is decreed must be, and be this so."

We are in the habit of using the word *have* to express necessity in such phrases as these: I have to go a journey; this has to be done; and it was through a precisely similar use of the synonymous verb to *owe*, that it acquired the sense of indebtedness, moral obligation, or expediency. To *owe* money is an elliptical expression for having to pay it to another, possessing it for another. Ultimately, by a process of which the history of language affords many examples, the various meanings which had been common to *owe* and *own* were divided between them, and the twin verbs ceased to be synonymous one with the other. A further subdivision of meaning was then made with respect to OWE. The office of expressing indebtedness was assigned to its new preterite *owed*, and the old preterite *ought* was employed exclusively to signify moral obligation or expediency, whether as an auxiliary verb or otherwise.

The idea now conveyed by *shall* is that of obligation or of an intention to perform a certain act, and both are found, on further analysis, to resolve themselves into the general idea of indebtedness. In the mercantile language of Germany *soll* (shall) and *haben* (have) signify the debit and credit side of an account. But the debts implied by *soll* or *shall*, in a commercial age, differ widely in nature from those with which courts of justice had to deal most frequently in the infancy of our civil law. Their chief business in that department consisted in trying actions for damages on account of wounds or loss of life; and for these compensation was to be awarded in accordance with elaborate tariffs, wherein every kind of bodily injury, homicide not excepted, was rated at a price proportioned to its nature, and to the condition in life of the injured party. This ancient system of jurisprudence, under which every act of bloodshed was to be atoned for by a payment in money or solid value, has left deep traces in our language. The primary meaning of *guilt* is conduct that has to be paid for. It is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *gildan*, to requite, atone, return an equivalent, and is indentical with Swiss, Danish, and Icelandic words, all of them meaning debt. The phrase I *shall* was originally, as we have said, a confession of homicide, or at least of bloodshed. Though now used to signify a future act, it has been shown by the great German philologist, Grimm, to be really the preterite of an old verb which meant to slay or smite. In the good old days, therefore, when that old verb was new, "I shall," meant "I slew or wounded such a one, I am therefore a debtor. I owe blood-money, and must pay it or fly the country."

## LINES TO A CLERGYMAN WHO SAYS SLAVERY IS NOT A SIN.

No sin to buy and sell and hold
The negro in his galling gyves,
And pocket the blood-crusted gold,
The price of human hearts and lives?
No sin to steal an African,
And rob him of each sacred right;
Wipe from his brow the stamp of man,
And blot the stars out of his night?

No sin to score his quivering back
With the red lash dripping there,
Because his Maker made him black,
Thickened his lips and crisped his hair?
No sin to tear his frantic wife
From his outreaching arms of love;
What God has joined, divorce for life,
Though Heaven forbid it from above?

No sin to steal the clinging child
From the fond mother's dear embrace,
And leave her broken-hearted, wild,
And crazed, to curse her ebon race?
God gave the black a living soul,
A conscience and a heart to feel;
Wrote freedom on his spirit's scroll,
And sealed it with His holy seal.

Woe unto him who breaks the chart
Endorsed by God's unerring hand,
A curse shall smite his cruel heart,
His brow shall wear the slaver's brand.
No greater, grosser crime than this
Can man commit who steps aside;
Christ in the slave, with leprous kiss,
Is thus betrayed and crucified.

When hoary priest, with honeyed tongue,
Long face and lubricated knees,
Bows low before this brazen wrong,
And prates like the old Pharisees,
We look to see the earth divide,
And falling fire from Heaven consume
The impious babbler in his pride,
And leave no mourners at his tomb.

—*Evening Post.* GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

## SLAVERY IN BRAZIL.

BRAZIL is now the chief country on the globe in which slavery yet exists and preserves its ancient strength. The system in this empire is characterized by the same elements of barbarism, the same cruelty toward the bondman, the same disregard for marriage and family ties that are its darkest features in other countries. But the permanent degradation of the whole negro race which characterizes slavery in the United States is not seen in Brazil. Free colored men in that country have open to them avenues to social position, and to civil and political station, which are entirely closed to the African race among us. Even slaves, if they can once secure their freedom, have hope of advancement in proportion to their real abilities. There are colored men in the empire of Brazil, some of whom have been slaves, holding official stations of honor and mingling freely with the highest ranks of society.

Brazil was one of the last nations that abolished the importation of slaves. By treaty with England the slave trade became illegal in 1810, but the importation continued constant and large until 1850. It is estimated that a million of slaves were imported during the intervening twenty years. In some of these years it was very large. Sir T. F. Buxton estimated the annual importation in 1840 at 78,000. In 1847 an importation of 60,000 was reported. Those who have been thus illegally imported, though justly and nominally, by the provisions of the treaty, free, are in fact held in the same condition of servitude as the others. In 1850, the Brazilian and English governments together, succeeded in completely suppressing the slave trade. The English assert that the most efficient agent in the suppression was the stringent execution of an act of Parliament called "Lord Aberdeen's Act," which gave to English admiralty courts the power to condemn Brazilian slave trade vessels for piracy. It is now reported that there has been no attempt to land slaves on the shores of Brazil for several years, though it is very likely that if the importation could be safely accomplished there are not wanting those who would attempt it.

Slavery, though differing in some of its features from the system that has prevailed in the United States, has had as demoralizing an influence upon the people, and threatens as evil results to the State there, as have been felt and feared here. The disproportion of slaves to the white population of the empire far exceeds that of the darkest slave districts of our Southern States. The total population of the country is estimated at seven million and a half, including half a million of Indians, of which the white population numbers one million two hundred thousand, while the number of slaves is upward of three million. The remainder of the population, about equal in numbers to the slaves, is made up of persons of mixed color and blood, as European and Negro, or European and Indian. Here we have three slaves to four free men, and five slaves to every two whites. When we contemplate these numbers, and take into consideration the semi-barbarous condition not only of the slaves but of the free population as well, we cannot escape the conviction that the country is in constant danger of a revolution of the most serious character. Travellers who have visited Brazil have not been slow to perceive this danger and to record their impressions of it. A writer in *The Work of the Christian Church* says:

"In Brazil the proportion of the white to the colored population is nearly the reverse of what it is in the United States. In truth, these dreadful proportions of slavery and of the intermixture of races have produced a demoralization of the whole Brazilian nation, to which there is scarcely a parallel to be found. What the future of this vast empire will be nobody can foretell; but there can be no doubt that ere long Brazil will have to pass through a crisis, moral and material, the consequences of which cannot be calculated now. When we consider to how great an extent Brazil is dependent on slave labor, and how deeply slavery and the tremendous disproportion between the negro and white population have demoralized the whole nation, we may well imagine that the crisis which is now preparing in Brazil will be a terrible one indeed."

Mr. Gardner, in his *Travels in the Interior of Brazil*, published in 1846, says:

"A general rise of the black population is much dreaded in Brazil which is not unreasonable, when the great proportion it bears to the white is taken into consideration. Were they all united by one common sympathy, this would have happened long ago, but the hostile prejudices existing among the different races of Africans have hitherto prevented it. In such an event the white population will be sure to suffer from the savage rapacity of the mixed races, especially those who have African blood in them; for it is to be remarked that the worst of criminals spring from this class, who inherit in some degree the superior intellect of the white, while they retain much of the cunning and ferocity of the black; they are mostly free, and bear no good will toward the whites, who form the smaller part of the entire population."

Nothing is to be hoped for from a decrease of the slave population. In our own country negroes are noted for their prolificacy, and the interest of slave-owners and of overseers prompts them to encourage the natural increase in every possible way. A similar state of affairs prevails in Brazil. The slave population of the empire, notwithstanding the cessation of importations and the frightful havoc that at times has been made by cholera, has not sensibly diminished in the last ten years. On the contrary it is probably, if anything, increasing.

As in the United States there has been constant movement of the slaves from the border States to the cotton-growing regions, so in Brazil the tendency is to withdraw them from the northern provinces to the coffee plantations of the central provinces. Such concentration cannot but tend to increase the dangers that are anticipated.

No serious effort is being made, either by the Brazilian government or people, to avoid the evils with which they are threatened. The leading whites seem to be afflicted with a willful blindness to the situation. Some of them are deeply anxious about the future, but not being in prominent positions they say nothing, or if they speak their voices are unheard. Others see the danger coming, but think it will not be in their time, and borrow no trouble about it. Others are indifferent, or look upon all such anticipations as absurdities or the product of a disordered imagination. A measure has been proposed in the legislature by Senator Silviera da Motta, three years in succession, in 1860, 1861 and 1862, to get rid of the greatest aggravations of slavery, but it has as yet failed of acceptance. The objects of this proposed measure were,